



Senior



On the Bridge

THE INEVITABLE flight of time has placed upon the graduating class of January 1953 the task of saying farewell to our school. Perhaps others have made the observation that the things most difficult for a person to express are those which mean the most to him. This, we feel, describes our situation.

After almost four years we are leaving. Yet now, when we realize that the close of this term will bring with it the close of our high school careers, words fail us. Of course, there are a hundred and one memories that crowd our minds and clamor for attention. But it is rather difficult for one to put down on paper something that has been growing for four years.

So, before the unavoidable happens, and we slide into time-worn clichés to say goodbye, we would like to thank everyone with whom we have come in contact here in Adams for their warm, kindly interest in the student body. Nowhere, in our opinion, can a finer group of teachers be found.

And now, it's goodbye from the Class of January '53.

JANET HILD



FIRST PLACE AWARD 1952

COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

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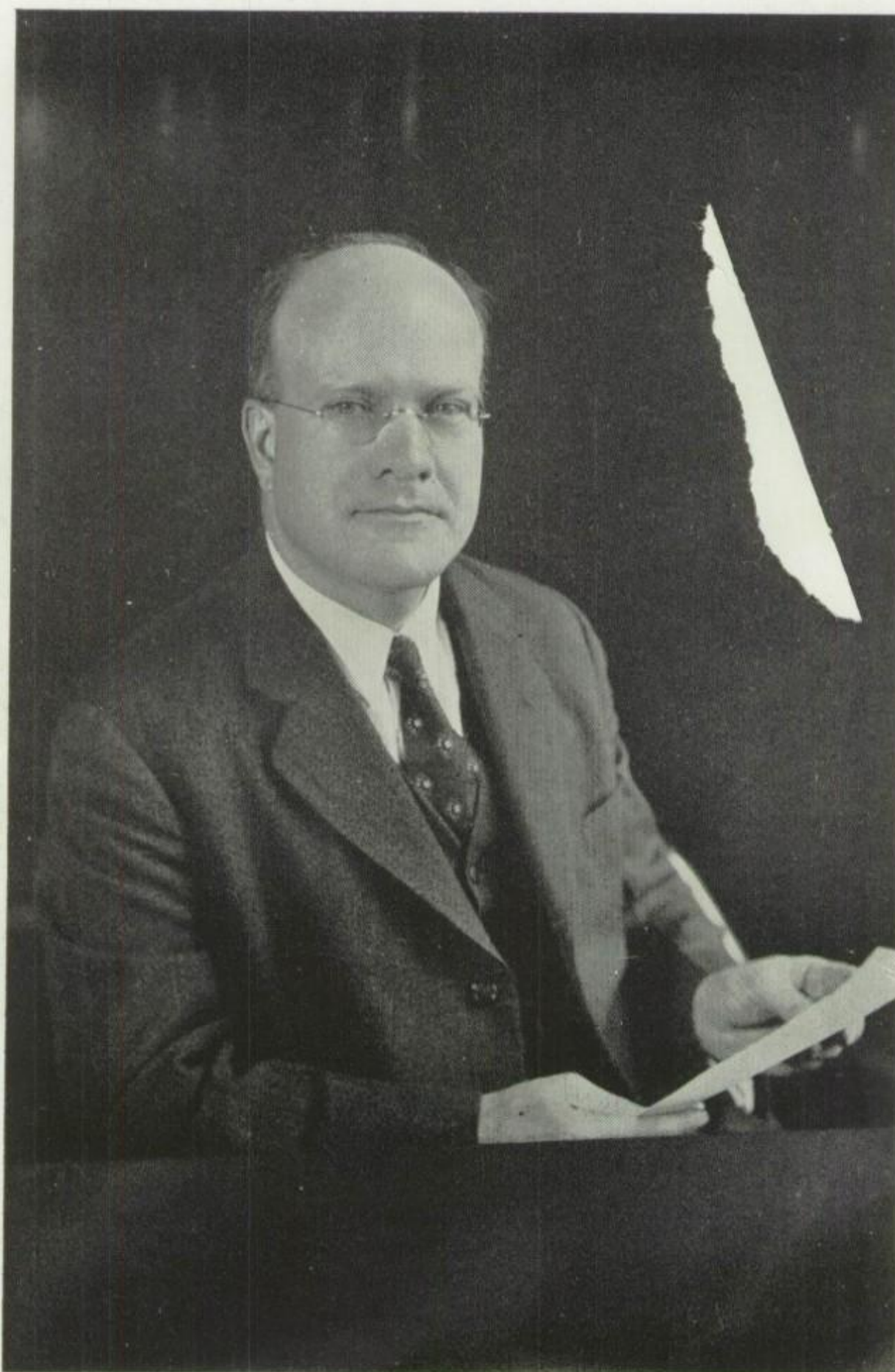
ART

Robert Steed



John Adams High School





A Message from the Skipper

Mr. Electricity

ROBERT GILKISON

(First Prize Winner, Great Americans Public Speaking Contest)

THIS IS an age of wonders. Dreams of skyscrapers, airplanes and steamships have become realities since the turn of the century. The mysterious force of electricity has been harnessed, its behavior analyzed, its services offered to the entire world. Like an infinitely versatile servant, it drives the wheels of industry, helps the housewife, and brings the entertainment of masters into the very privacy of a living room.

Many men have made great contributions in the field of electricity, men like Franklin, Faraday, Maxwell, Edison, and Thompson. In the first rank of this distinguished group of men stands a truly great American, Charles Proteus Steinmetz.

Steinmetz was born in Breslau, Germany, on April 9, 1865. But unlike other children, he was born a hopeless cripple, a hunchback. He was destined never to grow taller than 4 feet 3 inches. Little did anyone realize that this hunchbacked gnome was someday to become one of the world's greatest mental giants.

Charles' early life was uneventful. Because of his crippled condition he was unable to play with other children and, consequently, spent a great deal of time alone. He did not distinguish himself at first in school, but perhaps it was because, rather than in spite of, his deformity that Steinmetz studied hard and soon became a leader in all of his classes. But young Charles developed other interests too, interests that were to alter profoundly the path of his life.

Germany was ruled at the time by the Iron Chancellor, Otto Von Bismarck. Bismarck was a dictator, and Steinmetz not only disagreed with his policies but let his feelings be known. The police

sought Steinmetz and he fled at the age of twenty-three to America, the "Land of Opportunity."

The engineering world did not have long to wait to hear of Steinmetz. His first discoveries in the fields of magnetism and alternating current established his reputation. Today Steinmetz's principles in these fields are used in the manufacture of every type of electrical motor from sewing machine to hydro-electric generators.

In 1893 Charles Steinmetz became an American citizen. From this point until the end of his life, Charles Steinmetz gave unreservedly of himself as he propounded new theories. His truly was a life devoted to science and humanity. He gave liberally of his time to lecture and to teach young students. He took an active interest in civic affairs, and at the same time he devoted long, hard hours to his laboratory, a laboratory from which was to come man-made lightning and hundreds of other ideas and applications that were to revolutionize electrical engineering and earn him the title of "The Supreme Court of Electronics."

On October 26, 1923, the end came to Charles Steinmetz as he died in his sleep. He had made his contribution to mankind as an improver, not an inventor, as a patent helper, not as a hard-bitten man of science, as a friend of the underdog, not as a self-satisfied man of fame.

Even after nearly three decades, it is impossible to evaluate adequately Steinmetz's contributions to mankind.

He was one-half a man in physical stature and twice a man in heart and ambition.

This is the story of Charles Proteus Steinmetz, great scientist, engineer, and, above all, A Great American.

My Soul Must Rest

CONSTANCE BENTIVEGNA

THE HEAVY sleet lashed mercilessly at my face as I walked down the quiet country road. Once or twice, I winced and quickened my pace. Soon, a small cabin appeared in view, my destination. When I reached the door, I paused, fumbled in my pocket for the keys, and nervously released the lock. I paused again. There was still time for me to run away. But I couldn't. A burning curiosity forced me to open the door and enter.

The one-room cabin was still the same. A large, well-worn sofa stood against the wall by the door. Two equally worn chairs filled the opposite corners. The only other piece of furniture was a badly scratched, mahogany veneer coffee table in the center of the room.

How I had hoped that I would be wrong, that the room would be different. But although I had wished to prove myself mistaken about the room, I had known inside that I couldn't be. Now the real test was to come.

I walked over to the closet which stood between the two chairs. I touched my fingers to the knob. My whole body trembled. In that moment before I opened the door, the whole

terrible nightmare flashed before my eyes.

It happened just a week ago today. Having had a hard day at work, I decided to retire early. The clock in the square chimed ten o'clock. Soon, I was awake again. Unconsciously I began to dress myself. Fate works mysteriously, for I was acting through no will of my own.

Soon I had found myself walking down the same country road I had just travelled. I found myself in the same room I was in now. The only difference was that then the room was crowded with many people who were enjoying a party.

A man, who seemed to be the host, invited me to join the festivities. I did. I danced and drank and had a wonderful time. I seemed to forget that I was the tired person who had been awakened from my sleep.

Then, suddenly, all the guests, except one man, the man who was my host, disappeared. I turned my head in amazement and sought to satisfy my curiosity through my host. He just stood before me and laughed at my anxious questions. I became very annoyed at him. It was then that I saw the knife which lay on the table. An unseen force, stronger than my will, caused me to reach for the knife. My host anticipated my move. There was a struggle for it and then—victory for one. Slowly, the blade rose, and equally as slowly, it found rest in the heart of its victim. The body was put in the closet, not an original hiding place, but the best that could be afforded.

Now I must see what I knew I could not avoid, something I must know before my soul could seek sanctuary. I opened the closet door and looked at the body. It was mine.

IT WAS a well known fact at Grover High School that the entire football team was built around Dick Pope. All of the local newspapers praised Pope as the greatest quarterback the school had ever had. Without a player of his caliber the Grover Greyhounds would not have been tied for first place as they were in the Inter-School League. Dick Pope fully realized this fact and never failed to impress it upon everyone else.

As was his usual practice, one Friday morning before section, Dick was roaming around school accepting contributions to a score pool for the next big game. Although he fully realized that it was frowned upon by the faculty, he depended upon his popularity to bolster him in case certain inquiries were made into his methods. Not only did his particular system prove to be a means of providing him with much-wanted spending money, but it was also comforting to his ego to flaunt his influence about the school grounds.

But Dick was unaware that this collection morning was to be his last, for he did not know that one of his forgotten investors had decided to put a stop to the pool by notifying the coach. Arrogant, as usual, when summoned from class by Coach DeLuca, he fancied himself to be the typical football hero—broad shoulders, short-cropped hair, squared jaw. He slouched, waiting for the coach to begin. But it was a rather stunned and dejected young man who left that office, crushed by the decision that Dick Pope, star quarterback for the Greyhounds, would sit it out on the bench throughout the crucial game with Burbank, the all-important game that meant the difference between first place and glory and second place mediocrity.

Coach DeLuca had made it clear

that Dick would not be permitted to play in the last game of his career at Grover High School.

During the day, however, he had time to analyze the various angles of his predicament. With his usual self-esteem he became convinced that his school would lose without his brilliant leadership. The longer he thought about it the more he was certain that a great injustice had been done to him and that he should be revenged. A lingering plot began to crystallize, and by noon he had completed his plan.

By game time excitement reigned, and crowds of students poured into the stadium, setting it ablaze with their happy faces and bright colors. The cheer leaders were limbering up, as Dick, contrary to his usual practice, arrived on time and sat quietly on the bench, scarcely showing interest in the proceedings. The game started and it was soon evident with the new quarterback, that steady, hard-driving team play only could assure victory. At the half, Grover trailed 13 to 7.

Suddenly, Dick's successor broke loose from the Burbank tacklers, and with desperation driving him, ran forty yards for the tying touchdown, and then converted into a 14 to 13 victory for Grover in the last minute of play. The stands went wild, surged on the field heading for the goal posts, as the victorious team ran for the showers, carrying their new quarterback with them.

But through the crowd you could see a lone figure sitting on the bench, staring silently over the gridiron. Dick Pope was realizing the costly lesson taught him in such startling fashion, for he must now face his fellow students without the pool money, all of which he had bet on the other team.

Short-Lived Happiness

SELMA GERMAN



THE SHADES were drawn. From a tear in one of them, a thin speck of light crossed the small room. Jim sat motionless in the darkened room, hunched over the table, his hands pressed hard at his temples. Just two months before, he had sat on that same chair, beaming with happiness at the fact that he had finally saved enough money to take Maria and himself back to Maria's native land, Austria, for a vacation. Jim could remember the look on her face when he told her that their dream was turning into a reality. Her eyes sparkled with joy as she tried unsuccessfully to hold back the tears that began trickling down her cheek. A broad grin came over her face at the thought of seeing her family and friends again after so many years. She put her arms around Jim's neck and kissed him for being such a wonderful husband to her. Although she deeply loved the United States and cherished her newly acquired American citizenship, she longed to go back to visit Austria.

During the war, Jim and Maria had met in Europe. Jim, at the time, was weary of all the blood that he had seen shed on the battlefields and of the tragic scenes that wars must inevitably bring. When he was shipped to Austria, Maria and Jim met, fell

in love, and married. Maria came from a small village that was not even on the map. She knew what it was like to be ill and miserable because she suffered from a heart ailment.

After peace was declared, Maria had to remain in Austria until Jim was able to send for her. They knew it wouldn't be too long before she would be able to come to the United States. He had resumed his old job. Finally the day came when he was to meet his bride at the station. Evansville may not seem a big town or a nice town to some people, but when Maria stepped down from the train, she knew she would love this place, for it would be their home. She had heard a lot about this country. Now that she was here, she knew that this would be the happiest day in her life. Maria was heartily welcomed by Jim's family, and the high spot of the day occurred when Jim showed her the apartment where they would live. It did not matter any way to Maria that it was not the best.

A few months later, Jim got the idea of saving some money each week so that some day in the future, Maria could see her village again. At the end of every week they would count their savings. Some weeks they were surprised by how much they had

been able to save. Yet other weeks nothing had been added. Jim and Maria were like two young children then, but they never allowed their dream to stop them from buying anything that was needed. It took many weeks and many years before they were able to see that their dream was slowly coming into effect; in fact, it was five and one-half years later when Jim told Maria that she should prepare herself for their trip to Austria. Jim could remember those preparations now and also the day when he went to make reservations. Maria was all aglow. Although she had planned what she was going to do, she planned it all over again. The weeks flew by until the day arrived for Jim and Maria to leave simple quarters. Jim could remember vividly the good-byes that were exchanged as though they were never coming back. If they had only known.

Their trip was very pleasant, but Maria had to rest quite a bit because she was excited and her heart condition could spoil their journey. However, once their long awaited day arrived and they set foot on Austrian soil, Maria meant to have a good time



there, no matter what Jim said. Maria's family and friends greeted both of them just as Jim's folks had greeted Maria. Her family had never expected to see either of them again. Jim enjoyed watching Maria's face as she talked excitedly about everything. She was so happy to be among her people.

For two weeks it seemed as though they were just dreaming. They would take long walks along the countryside and talk of her childhood and life in Austria. Although Jim had heard most of it before, he didn't mind hearing it again. But soon the time came when they had to say good-bye to everyone. Their hearts felt heavy at the thought of saying good-bye, for it seemed as though they had just arrived. Maria had been excited; too excited at this reunion. As she was kissing her mother, she fainted. Jim quickly brought her inside the house and gently placed her on the bed. Everyone was rushing around the room trying to revive her. Jim bent down, horror stricken at the face of his wife. It was a ghastly white. He straightened himself and said in a low quivering tone, "It's too late. She's dead!" Maria had overtaxed her heart and it had stopped.

As Jim sat there in the darkened room, he lifted his weary head and saw the ray of light that had peeped through. They had planned the trip, and, in a way had planned her death. She now lay buried in Austria where she had been born and brought up. Maybe she wanted it that way, but perhaps she didn't. He rose from his chair and knew that some day this wound would heal, but he would always have memories of her and their short life together.

Gargantua of the Deep

THOMAS FUGALLI

GARGANTUA IS the name of the largest fish ever caught by man. How was he caught? Well, it all started on a Sunday morning in June, way back in 1912. Captain Charles Thompson of Miami, Florida, and two other men were on his auxiliary sloop, the *Samoa*, which was lying at anchor of Knight's Key. Suddenly they saw a shadow below the surface of the water, which appeared and disappeared with the shifting of the waves. The three men decided to investigate.

Armed with harpoons and a high powered rifle, they set out in a lifeboat equipped with a motor. As they drew near, the shadow proved to be a spotted mass unlike anything they had ever seen. It started to move, apparently sensing their presence. Just in time the captain hurled harpoon after harpoon into the gigantic mass.

Captain Charley sent two hundred shots into it but with almost no effect. So he poised with a knife, ready to cut the line at the first indication

of a downward plunge. Later it was revealed that the fish must have been thrown to the surface by a volcanic eruption on the ocean floor, and its diving apparatus put out of commission. In any case, it towed the lifeboat around for thirty-nine hours before the men maneuvered it back to *Samoa*. Even then, when the catch was lashed to the side of the yacht, it flipped its tail and shattered the propeller.

Professor J. S. Warmbeth of Smithsonian Institute went to work examining the huge carcass. Careful measurements revealed the monster to be forty-five feet long, and believe it or not, it weighed thirty thousand pounds. This was without a doubt an almost legendary fish in which the characteristics of the whale and shark were combined.

Well, that goes to prove you can never tell what you'll find at the end of your line.





Incongruous Spectator

EILEEN NEEDLE

AT A ball game, whether it be baseball or football, you will always find someone who knows nothing about it. She will go just to keep up the school spirit and so that her friends will not make fun of her. I was observing such a person at the last football game I attended.

It seemed to me that the girl, whom we shall call "Joan," never attended a football game before. You see, it was quite chilly and she was obviously not dressed for it. She was dressed more for a swimming meet in an indoor pool.

Of course, nobody feels the cold until about a half-hour after the game starts. At approximately that length of time after the game began, Joan started looking around her. I could tell she was beginning to feel cold from the way her teeth were chattering. Her eyes passed enviously over everyone, for they were all warmly dressed; that is, everyone was except herself. At this moment, Adams fumbled the ball and a player from the other team caught it and made a touchdown. Joan, hearing all the noise, of course thought that she must also participate so she stood up and yielded a loud cheer. At this, all her schoolmates turned to stare at her. Joan was very embarrassed and her cheeks

turned crimson. She sat down and clasped her hands in her lap and started looking at the field once more. I could almost read her mind at that moment. I'll bet she was saying "The next time I hear cheering, I'll wait and see who made the touchdown before I open my big mouth."

All went well for the next hour or so. Then, the other team threw a pass and our team intercepted it. Everyone stood up and cheered; that is, everyone but Joan. Joan kept sitting with her hands folded in her lap just as she was since the last half of the game. Noting that the shouting was more consistent than it was before, she looked around and saw that this time it was her own schoolmates that were cheering. Therefore, she assuredly got up and gave a loud school cheer. By the time she cheered, everyone had settled down and all was quiet as everyone was waiting for the next play. As you can imagine, her shout came too late. Instead of giving her a dirty look, everyone turned to her and laughed. She was never so humiliated in her life. She got up and walked away mumbling to herself. As she passed me I caught a few words. She was saying, "Never again, no never again. I don't care what the girls say. Never again." I couldn't help laughing to myself.

Tracks of Fear

DAVID BELLAN

CHUCK BENT down to check the laces of his ski-boots. As he was straightening up, he became aware of the presence of another person in the room. It was Hank Bender. "Well," sneered Hank, "I never would have believed it. Did you finally get your nerve back? Or did you come up to watch?" Without another word, Hank disappeared down the hall.

It was early March, unusually late for Chuck to be up for just his first day of skiing. He used to start with the first decent snow and continue every chance he had. But the accident he'd had last season had changed that. It hadn't been an unusually bad one but it had put him in a cast for six weeks. Since then he hadn't been able to bring himself to do any skiing at all.

Chuck took his skis from against the wall and clomped out through the hall to the door near the slopes and runs. There he met Ben Thompson. "You're just getting back into circulation too?" smiled Ben. "Trying to," Chuck grinned back. He wished that he could be like Ben, who had just gotten out of a cast for a broken leg, yet was able to start skiing immediately. "He didn't sit around stewing like I did," he thought. "I guess we might as well start on the beginner's slope," Ben said. "It's too early for many beginners to be out. Besides, there's no use killing ourselves just because we're too proud to admit that we're rusty and stiff."

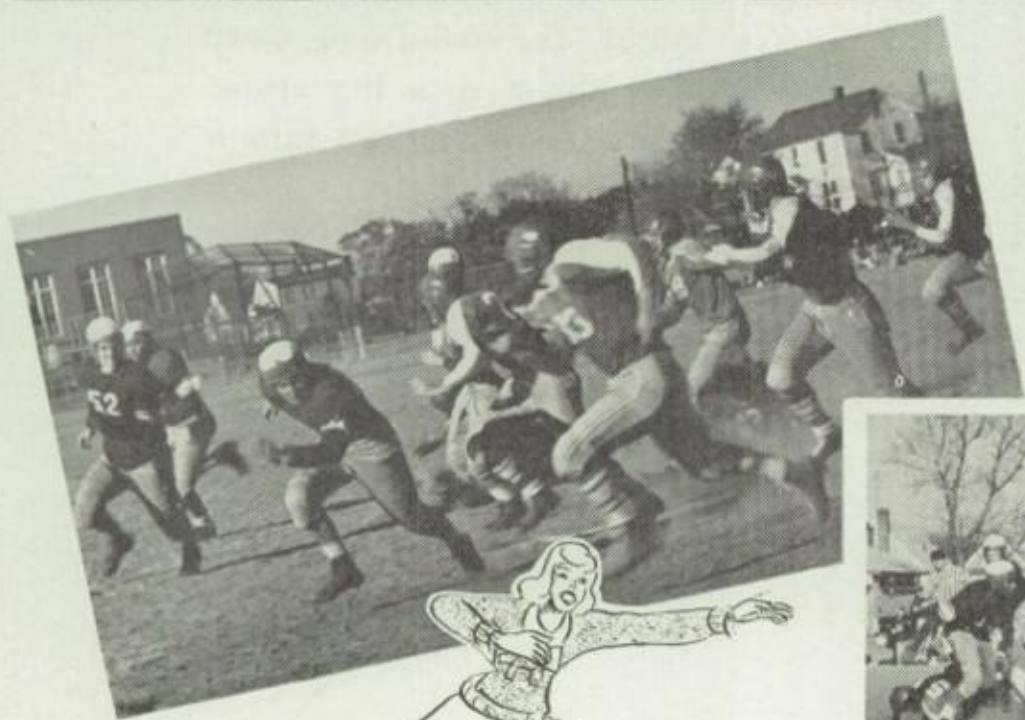
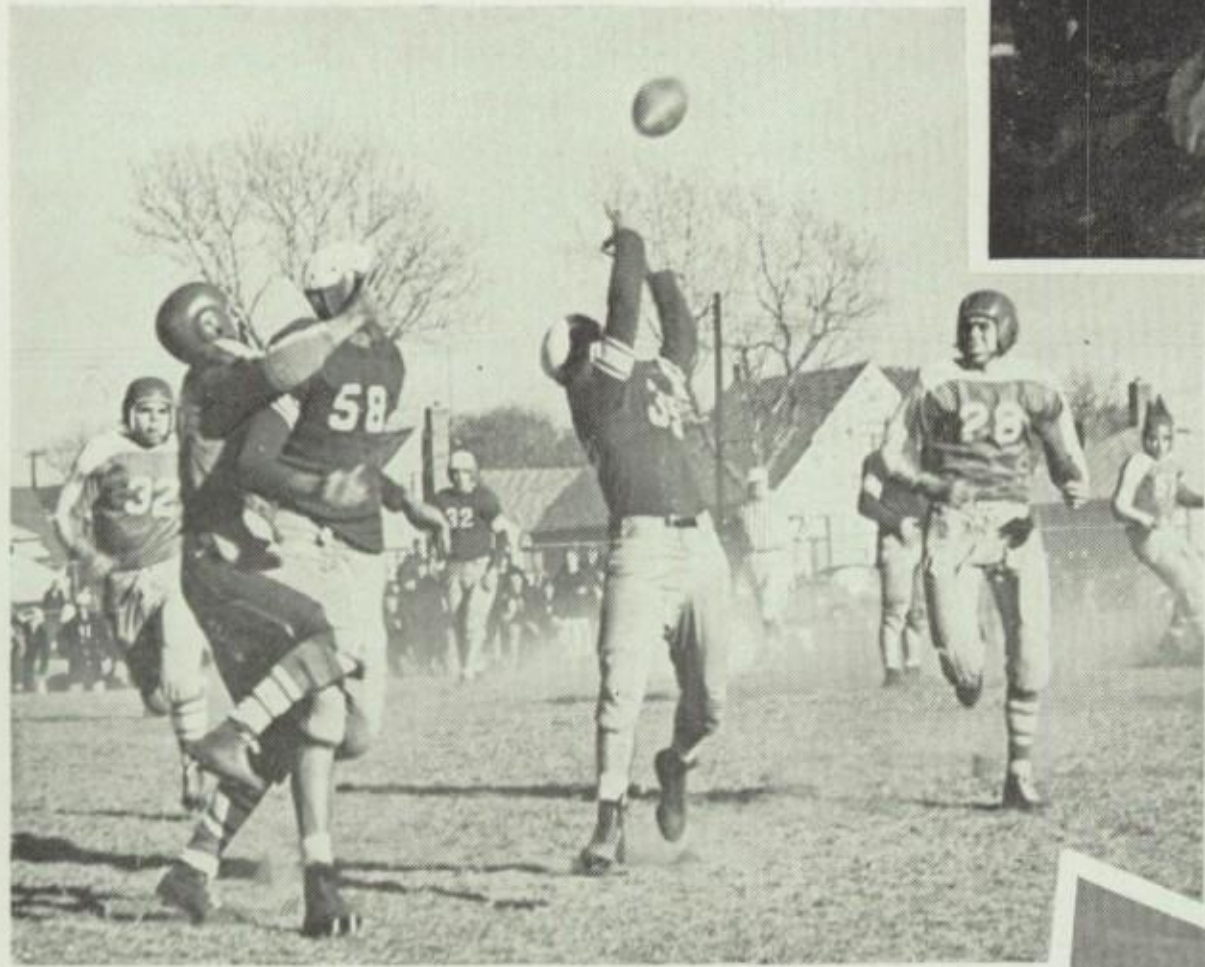
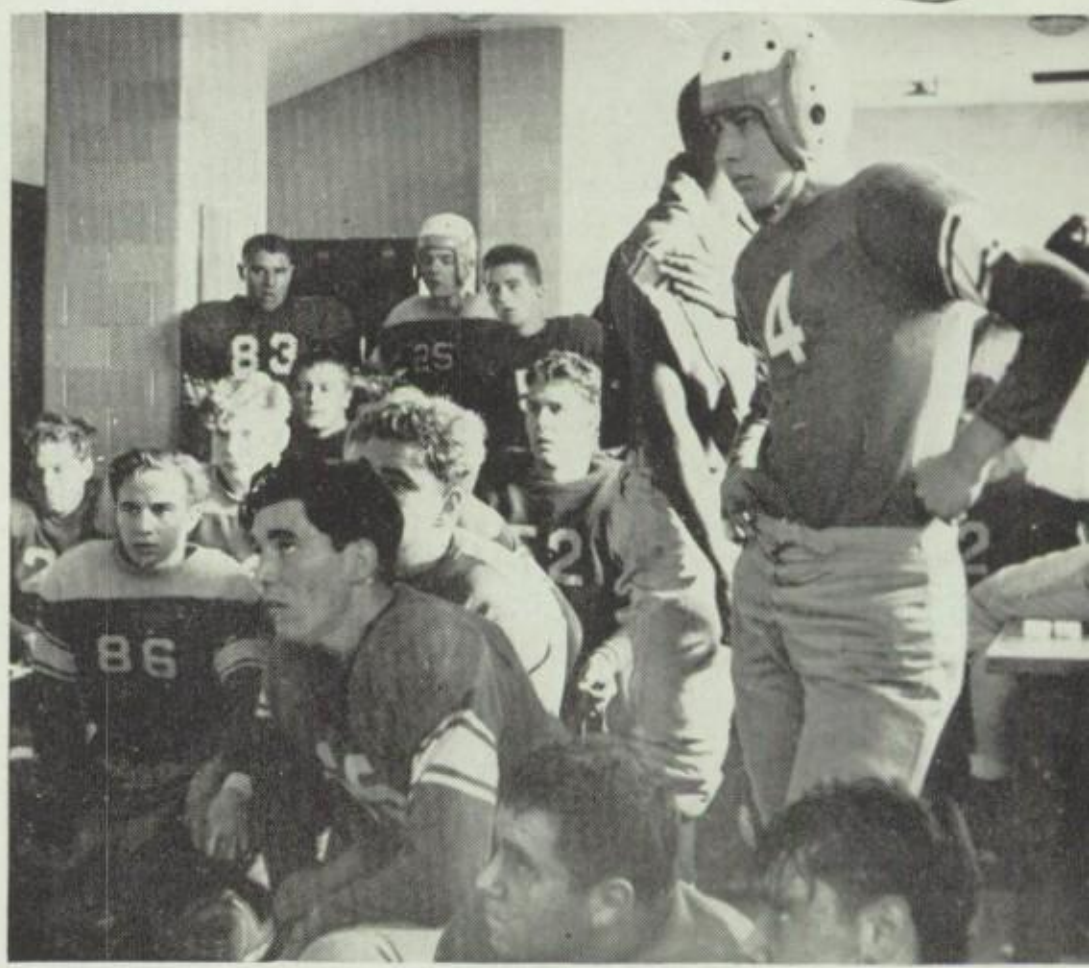
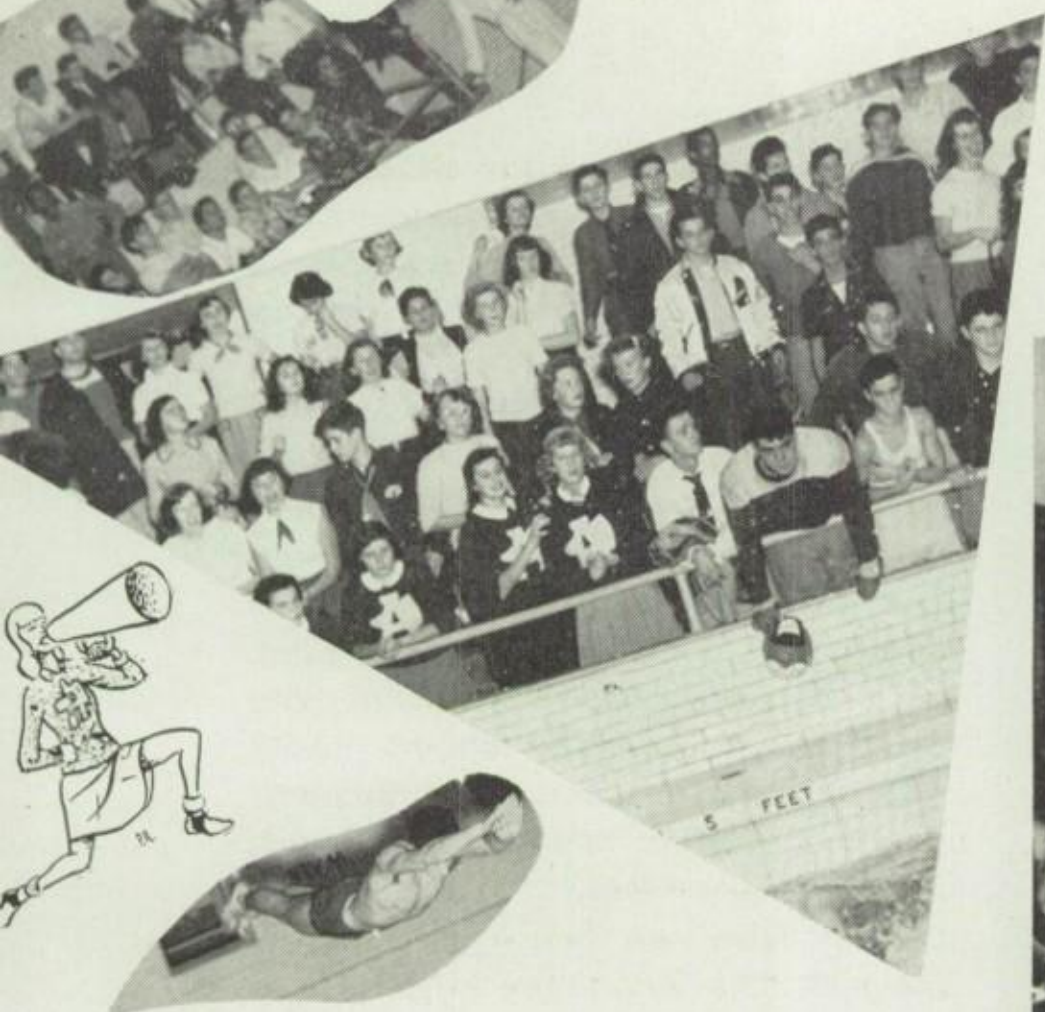
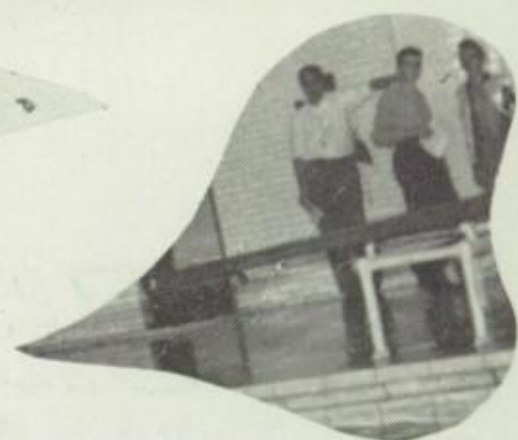
When they reached the top of the slope, they stopped and dropped their skis. As Chuck used his poles to knock the caked snow from his boots, he looked around. It was just as it had always been. The sun's rays reflecting on the snow caused the whole scene to glitter. The slope before him still

rolled down like a white blanket. He realized that there was a cold sweat on his brow. "I'm turning chicken," he thought. He glanced at Ben. He was all ready and was waiting for Chuck. "What were you staring at, Chuck?" he said.

Chuck tried to grin but failed. There was no use trying to fool himself, he was scared. Savagely he kicked his foot under the toe strap and flipped the clamp at his heel. "What are you afraid of?" he jeered to himself. "Look at Ben. He had an accident that was worse than yours and he's back, back the same season too!"

Chuck stood up. Ben was looking at him with a confused expression on his face. "Are you all right Chuck? You look awfully pale." "I'm all right," he replied, "just a little nervous." "O.K.," shrugged Ben as he did a kick turn and shoved off.

As Ben swooped down the slope, Chuck's thoughts raced back to the day he had taken the bone-breaking fall. He had looked just like that, speeding gracefully in smooth wide arches. Then disaster had struck. His ski tip had slipped into an unfilled sitz-mark and he had been thrown. It could happen again. Chuck's stomach was tied into a cold knot, and he was perspiring freely in the cold wind. He wiped his clammy palms on his windbreaker and prepared to shove off. He tried to move, but his feet seemed rooted to the ground. His whole body had become immobile. "Chuck, are you coming?" yelled Ben from the foot of the slope. Chuck managed to shake his head. "No, I lost something," he shouted back. As Chuck walked back to the lodge, he knew that he wouldn't find it there. He knew that once you have lost your nerve, it is difficult to regain.



Flight to Mars

ROBERT FIORENZA

"FIVE MINUTES," boomed the voice over the ship's intercom, "five minutes." "That's it, fellow travelers," said General Mondon. "In five minutes we shall be the first human beings to complete a space voyage."

"Four minutes, four minutes," the voice of the pilot echoed. "Everyone in his place." This expedition with four men and two women was going to succeed where others had failed.

"Three minutes. Fasten your safety belts please," echoed through the ship. We all had strapped ourselves down and were braced for the contact. Breathlessly we waited. It was almost beyond comprehension. I was to be one of the first humans to land on Mars. Suddenly the roar of the motors died away and we sped down faster and faster. The ground rushed toward us.

The ship jerked sideways and I could feel a tremendous pressure practically crushing me. A sharp pain shot through my head and chest as if I had been slugged, and then, darkness.

"Come on Jack, let's go." The tugging of my arm stopped and I tried to get up. My head was splitting and it hurt just to open my eyes. Frank Parris, our technician, was standing next to me. "Let's go Jack," he re-

peated. I unstrapped myself and got up. Oh brother, I wasn't used to carrying two heads. "Frank," I inquired, "did the landing go well?" His hesitation caused me to fear the worst. "The tail fixture is busted but Mondon thinks it can be repaired. Come on, Jackie, Mondon's signalling for us."

Mondon was already up front. Linda Jordan and Mona Phillips were sitting across from him, and Tex, our pilot, was standing nearby. "How're you feeling, kid? You were really knocked around when your strap cracked." Slowly I replied, "I'm okay, Sir, just shaken up." "Good," the General stated. "Now we can get down to business. The vegetation outside indicates the presence of oxygen, so we don't need this equipment. We all know our jobs. Stick together, and we'll be all right. Tex, you stay aboard and check the condition of the tail and fuel pumps."

We started out into the decompression chamber. Mondon was first outside. Linda and Frank followed. Mona and I were last. It was true, there was oxygen on Mars. We started into the vegetation with its amazing assortment of colors. There were wild flowers galore and the trees rose to majestic heights. It was breath-taking and Linda wasn't missing anything with her camera.

The unique jungle was now thinning out and we could see ahead of us a range of mountains. It was unbelievable. We might as well have been on earth. Everything was the same, or so it seemed. We wandered into a clearing and we took a break. Mona remarked, "General, have you noticed there hasn't been any sign of animal life? Everything else seems normal but still no life."

"Yes, I've noticed that Linda hasn't had a chance to film any animal life, but I'm keeping this rifle within arm's reach at all times."

Thinking about the General's remarks, I lit a cigarette and started to discard the match. Suddenly I noticed movement in the bushes to the right. I leaped up and warned, "Look alive, there's something in those bushes."

What followed was startling. Out of those bushes rose a group of men taller than imagination would allow us to believe. Linda, always a cool-minded girl, whipped her camera into place and started taking movies. Mondon, rifle in hand, stood between us and those "monsters." "Back to the ship," he threw back over his shoulder, never daring to take his eyes off our intruders. I grabbed Mona's arm and Frank tried to pull Linda away. "Come on you crazy fool," he yelled, as he jerked her away. The camera slipped out of Linda's hands and fell with a thud to the ground. We all started to run back in the direction of the ship. Mondon raced behind us, stopping momentarily to scoop up the fallen camera. The undergrowth seemed to go on forever. After what seemed like hours of torture, the ship loomed ahead. Tex, as instructed, was inspecting the condition of the fuel pumps. He looked up as we rushed towards him. "Into the ship," Mona screamed. We started up the ladder, one at a time, Linda, Mona, Frank, Tex, myself, and lastly Mondon. I reached down and pulled him up through the trap door. The General, exhausted, fell to the floor as Tex and Frank slapped the bolts into place, securely locking the door closed.

"Tex," gasped the General, "can we hold them off?" Tex, unaware of what we had seen, looked at us question-

ingly and asked "them?" Quickly Frank described what we had seen and Tex, now thoroughly confused, ran into the forward passageway and returned shortly with rifles for all. "They're coming," screamed Linda. Each with a rifle, we raced to the portholes, opened them, and leveled our rifles in the direction of the jungle.

The giants came down the trail, one by one, and approached the ship. Mondon cried, "Now," and we all opened fire, the bullets bounced harmlessly off those impossible creatures. They reached the side of the ship and started to push against it. The ship, as if a toy, went tumbling over. I was thrown across the floor and slammed against the radio. Stunned, I heard moans, yet I was unable to reply.

Smoke, thick and heavy, was seeping through the floor as I finally gained my senses. The fuel pumps had exploded and the ship was on fire. I struggled to my feet and looked around. Mondon was crumpled into a corner and Linda was lying near him. I staggered to a porthole and saw the giants, like big children, running away from the fire, afraid.

Tex, stunned and beaten, got up and came towards me. "Jack, let's get out of here," he screamed frantically. He stumbled to the door and tried it. It was jammed. Now, fully recovered, he ran from porthole to porthole trying to find an escape route. Suddenly, he stopped, looked at me, then slumped to the floor and began to cry.

This was it, Tex knew it, and so did I. The smoke engulfed everything now and the flames licked through the floor. We were warned this might happen and we had taken that chance. I gasped for air. My head was spinning. The end, why fight? Just rest.

Woes of a Salesgirl

CORINNE CORRENTI

WHO EVER said being a salesgirl was easy! When I first applied for my present position, I was under the impression that my chief obligation was to sell things. I know now that I was completely wrong.

Take, for example, the woman who came puffing up to my counter the other day. "Miss," she said, "I've been all over this store and I simply can't find it. Perhaps you can help me." "Well," I responded, "if you tell me what it is supposed to be, then maybe I can be of assistance to you." She was absolutely shocked by the bluntness of my remark. "Suckers, of course," was her reply. Now I've been asked to locate some pretty ridiculous things, but this one took the prize. Since I am not a person who holds back her emotions, I showed my feelings in my dumb-founded exclamation, "suckers?" "You know what I mean," she said. "No, I don't know," I replied. "I never heard of such a thing." "S-zippers, suckers, surely you've heard of them," she sharply responded. With a feeling of satisfaction I said, "Oh, zippers, of course, Madam. They're upstairs on counter seven." My contentment was short-lived, for not more than five minutes later, I saw her coming towards my counter again, looking very angry. I quickly ducked under the counter,

hoping she would not see me. Suddenly I heard a shout, in spite of the paper I had stuffed into my ears, "Miss! Miss!" Trying very hard to be pleasant, I got up and said in my sweetest voice, "Yes, Madam?" "The s-zippers were not upstairs. It's simply amazing how such stupid girls can be hired." While slowly counting to ten, I saw something on my counter which gave me an idea. Picking up the box in mind, I asked, "Madam, is this what you're looking for?" "Yes, of course, it is. You had it on your own counter all the time." So while I wrapped the box of straws, I thought to myself, "Oh, well, you have nothing to complain about. You have two new words for your vocabulary — sippers and suckers."

The following day gave birth to bitter trials. Everything was running smoothly until an elderly woman appeared. She picked up a fifteen cent article, handed me a quarter, and I returned two nickels to her. Immediately a puzzled look came over her face, and she said, "Miss, I gave you a quarter." "Yes, Madam," I replied, "and I gave you ten cents change. The item was fifteen cents." "No," she said, "You're mistaken." "Mistaken about what?" I asked her. "There's the ten cents right in your hand." She kept repeating, "No, no you're wrong." Trying to keep my temper, I responded, "let's start at the beginning."



You bought an item for fifteen cents, gave me a quarter, and I gave you back ten cents—fifteen and ten are twenty-five. Right?" She still didn't seem to understand. Our quarreling went on for a few minutes before I finally narrowed my thoughts down to three things. This woman was either blind, unable to count, or just plain crazy. I soon found that I was wrong on all three guesses, for she fumbled in her pocket, and finally came up with a hearing aid. Having adjusted it, she then began, "Now, what were you saying?"

My next customer asked me for large candles and candle sticks. I sent her to the proper counter and forgot about the incident until a few minutes later, when she reappeared. She picked up a box of birthday candles, and looking very disgusted said, "Miss, they're right here. You don't even know what's on your own counter." "I'm sorry, Madam. I misunderstood you. I was under the impression that you were looking for large candles." I knew very well she had asked me for large ones, but I thought she would feel better if I took the blame. She did not accept my apology, though, and sarcastically remarked, "How do you expect me to put those big candles on a birthday cake?" "How was I supposed to know they were for a birthday cake?" I asked. Hearing this, she threw down the box and marched to the other side of the counter. I watched her curiously, but soon my curiosity turned into wide-eyed amazement. She had upset everything on the counter by running her hands over it, and to add the final touch, she turned over a pile of paper plates. Having done this, she marched out of the store.

I know one thing for certain, though,

my biggest accomplishment from working in the five and ten cent store is that now I have become an expert counter girl. Customers do strange things sometimes, but I simply hold my temper, and slowly count to ten. But who is to know what happens when I reach eleven?



Stardust

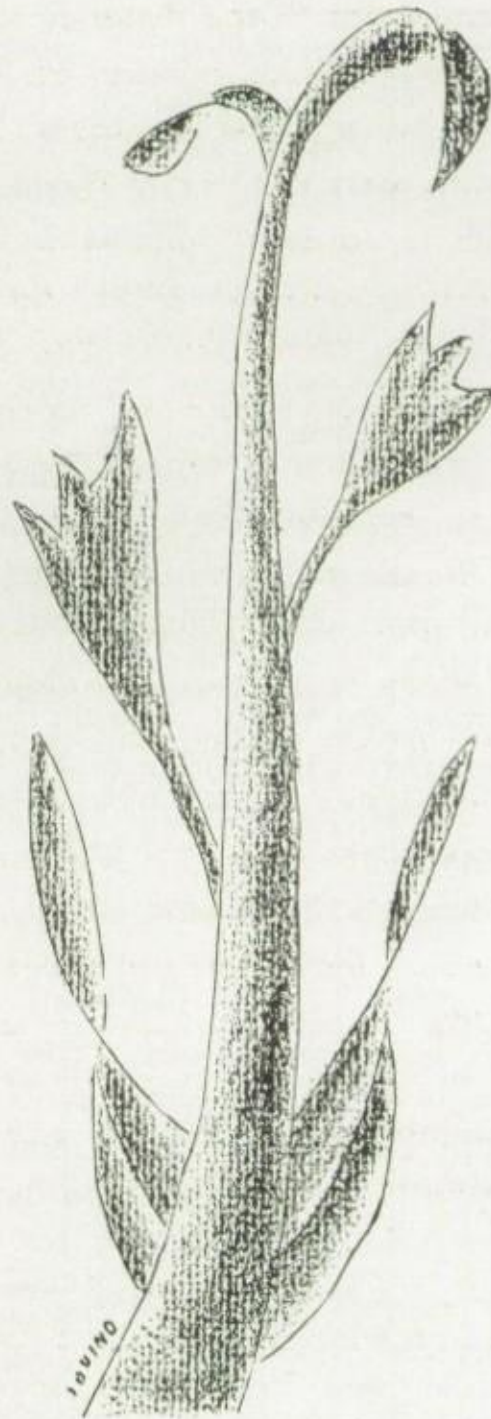
ON BOTH sides of the very narrow country road, huge, bright green trees were growing. Their branches entwined at the top, forming an archway over the road. It was like the archway in a church. Through the openings of the embracing branches golden staircases from the earth to heaven were formed by the sun's rays. The birds added the final note by singing their hymns. The scene was beautiful but under the circumstances we didn't whole-heartedly appreciate it, for we had run out of gas and it was a one mile hike to the gas station.

CLAIRE SEBURGER

I LOOKED out of the window and saw a riot of colors: reds, greens, blues, yellows; every color was there. Never had I seen such bright shades. The sun only increased their brilliance. Of course, I knew the reason for their radiance, for hadn't I washed the clothes on the line myself?

PEARL SCHNECK

A TREE is one of nature's most beautiful creations. In summer its branches and leaves provide protection for nature's children. In winter, its snow-covered, tentacle-like limbs paint a vivid picture on nature's canvas. A tree also serves practical pur-



poses. When cut into lumber it provides a home for men of all colors and creeds. Set firmly in its foundation, it remains a silhouette against the picturesque sky until its master, God, wishes to dispose of it.

JUNE JORDEN

IT WAS usually my habit, on hot sultry days like this, to sit in the huge apple tree at the back of our vast orchard and witness lazily the amazing wonders of nature surrounding me. The

hazy mountains in the distance formed an imaginary fence, making an island paradise for my few thoughts. These mountains were a gown of shaded purple with a collar of glistening white sequins that sparkled when the sun's piercing rays touched them. The distant trees stood stately and tall as did the one in which I was sitting. Their lofty branches swayed slowly in the whispering breeze that seemed to be calling to them, and, as if drawn by magnets on the sun's rays, these branches did look as if they were answering the call of some hidden voice, hidden in the mysteries of the skies.

My thoughts at this time were usually shattered by the buzzing of a bee making ready to perch on some sleeping victim, or the ringing bark of a tired dog calling for his master who was lazily sifting the hay in the loft of the barn.

Then, as if by magic, all became still again and I returned to my enchanted paradise once more. Looking up into the sky, my main interest was the clouds; not ordinary clouds such as we know, but living clouds. They floated slowly over the velvet blue of the skies, forming different shapes as they stayed on their perpetual courses. They were

floating like the whitecaps on a sea, floating like snowflakes to some unknown fate and floating like pieces in a puzzle. Then suddenly everything was gone, as the crimson gold sun lost itself at the horizon, and at last the diamond-like stars dominated the heavens.

CLAIRE SPELLER

I AM a lonely windswept hill somewhere in Korea. Centuries long gone by have seen me standing here, peaceful and serene. But now my verdant plains are wet with blood that men who fought for freedom have spilled in their wake of death and destruction. Still the echo of the sound of tramping feet and the bursting of shells rings clear in my hollows. The cry of the wounded soldiers still sighs through my canyons like the cry of an infant who longs for his mother's protecting arms. No longer are my fields fresh with flowers. Now they are laden with rows of white crosses which hallow my grounds. The ones who lived through the torrent of terror which swept clean my plains will never forget me. I justly deserve my name. I am Heartbreak Ridge.

ROBERT McCARTHY



Lest We Forget

JERRY D'ALOISIO



FLASH! A mysterious glow appeared in the distance. The early morning snow filled the air, denying the eyes the right of perceptive vision. The low, unearthly rumble once more resounded, splitting the perfect peace of a December morning. The sound's last echoes are heard as winter's torrential armies of glistening white once more close the distant gates from which a brilliant glow emerged in the darkness of dawn.

During that instant's illumination, a number of tents were revealed to earth against the new snow-covered woodland background.

Winter had arrived quickly for some, but not half soon enough for others. To the newly indoctrinated forces of an infamous human conflict, winter, along with its inevitable suffering, carried the hope of delay at cessation of hostilities which every day added to the list of human heartbreak and agony. However, to the more seasoned participants of the conflict, winter brought memories of the previous year. Last winter, they had also entertained such ideas of returning home in time for Christmas, that of a stop to the outrageous spilling of human blood at the front and human

tears behind the lines. Instead, they, who had survived, witnessed such things as the pen put to paper may not well describe but that the blood drained in the earth well discerns. These men knew all too well that winter in Korea brings no hope but only despair for the men destroying the enemy in order that they instead should survive.

Among the Army tents, which a distant flash of an explosion had revealed through the snow, was that of P.F.C. Roger Nelson and his buddy. That explosion had seemingly disturbed young Nelson in his dreams, for his buddy, although asleep, had trembled. Yet Roger slept on, subconsciously struggling to hold onto one of the few pleasant dreams which had come to him during his brief stay in Korea.

Truly it was a pleasant subconscious thought that lingered in his mind. He was in Korea, but his thoughts were at home! Home, — a tenement building on South Second Street, Brooklyn. Home, — his parents, brother and friends. Home — in America, enjoying peace.

It seemed hard to imagine that there was peace somewhere. Somewhere men were not troubled with the thought that they were for the last time seeing the light of day. Somewhere, children were happily playing in the street, and not crying over the body of a parent! —Crash!! A third explosion, not too far away, for the ground trembled, awoke Nelson! It was yet early but the sun had risen and the snow, which had stopped falling, was melting. A fateful day in Roger Nelson's life was beginning.

The day began routinely for an American patrol in the front lines on that December morning. Nelson and his buddies went about their usual busi-

ness. However, this day, brought an air of expectancy about the camp. Another supporting patrol had made contact with Nelson's group and it was apparent that general preparation was being made for an offensive action. Roger Nelson had been one of those who believed that winter weather might bring the turmoil to a halt for a time. Now he saw the folly of his hopes as he realized that, in a war, as long as man could endure, he had to fight!

The following few hours were spent in deliberation, planning, issuing of orders, and preparation of weapons. Soon the time for which the commanding officers had set for the action, was near. Roger Nelson and the others of his group plodded through a stretch of woods which led to the hill they were designated to take with the help of other patrols. All through the night and early dawn, American artillery had bombarded the general region of hills held by the enemy.

As the patrol which Roger Nelson was assigned to came closer to the hill, it became apparent that a concentrated group of the enemy had contemplated their coming aid, therefore, were firing heavily at all objects that moved. So far the enemy had been unfortunate in their aim. The patrol reached the bottom of the hill. The men, including Nelson, were spread out in a line, crouching closely to the earth. From this vantage point Nelson could plainly see the group which kept firing, and whose bullets struck irregular paths through the air, not finding targets! It then became apparent to the sergeant in charge, that that group firing at them was the only major obstacle to the summit of the hill. The signal was given to charge!!

Nelson found himself grasping for every bit of courage and sustenance he

could muster. He jumped from his crouched position and began a "criss-cross" path of attack up the hill, crouching behind stones and stumps when he could. Nelson had found himself the furthest advanced of his patrol, as he stopped for a moment, taking cover! Enemy fire was literally chopping up the surrounding ground.

All at once the urge, which must at one time or another take over all heroes, seized Nelson. He found himself running as he never had before, in a jagged line, toward the enemy position. His support rang out from in back, forcing the enemy to caution their movements. Nelson was upon the enemy, and in a burst of glory let forth all the fury of man since Adam. The enemy, surprised as they were, fell before his machine gun and finally fell back. Nelson stood there firing as his support quickly came behind him!

In due time the attack of fury subsided and finally diminished till only an occasional shot was to be heard. The American forces began their regrouping upon the hill! It had grown dark through all the elapsed time of preparation and battle. The sky was overcast once more, and it began to snow!

The strewn bodies of the enemy and American forces were spread upon the immortalized hill. The snow fell peacefully and gently to the ground, denoting all which had taken place. Yes, the snow was blanketing the surrounding terrain, but concentrated upon one particular American body. There seemed to be trained, oddly enough, a sustaining joy of sun.

It was the body of Roger Nelson, a great patriot, a great American, and a great Negro!

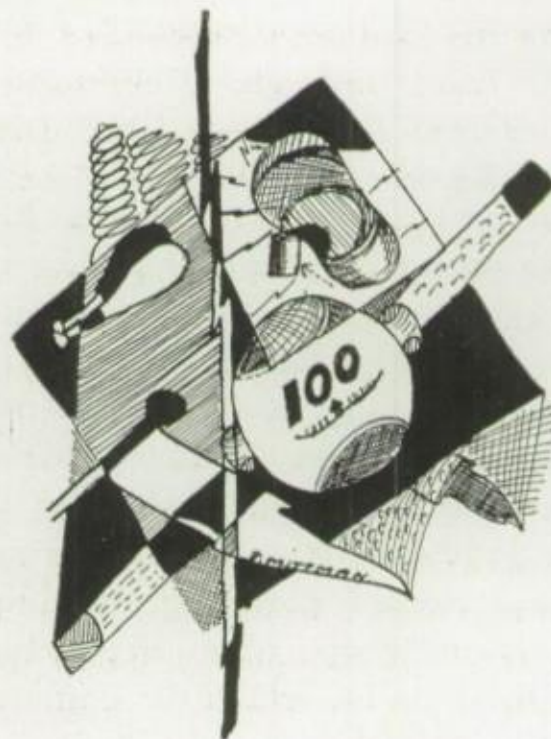
Let us do him and others like him great homage,—Lest We Forget!

Alumni From Korea

ARTHUR SHOSTAK

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD was in quite a commotion. The boy who lived next door had just returned from fourteen months' military service in Korea. After the "Welcome Home" festivities, I saw him one day, sitting on the stoop of our house. I asked him for his impression of Korea for the "Clipper." You see, he was a former "Adamsite," and I felt he would be interested in reporting recollections of his sojourn in Korea to his alma mater.

In a soft, slow, but warm and glowing tone, the veteran told me that the Korean natives had made the greatest impression upon him. "When the police action in Korea is recorded for history," he told me, "the freedom-loving Korean youth, who braved all the terrors of war to assist in the emancipation of their country from a state of communistic slavery, will be classed as the unsung heroes from this epic." He recalled how a teen-aged Korean boy had attached himself to his outfit and had voluntarily performed menial tasks out of appreciation for what the outfit was doing to free his country. He recounted the story of a Korean soldier who, after thirty-six months of active service refused a furlough because there remained so much to do and so



little time to do it in. He reflected, "The pain, suffering, and discomfort of the U.N. soldier was like make-believe when compared with the tragedy besetting the native Koreans. But one did not hear any misgivings or regrets expressed by them. Russian expansion must be curbed. Just as David stopped the powerful Philistine, Goliath, when the latter's people were encroaching ruthlessly on the right and freedoms of their neighbors, so the Koreans feel that they must stop the twentieth century Goliath, who likewise is trampling upon the freedom of peace loving neighbors. People scoffed when puny David, using a slingshot, confronted the giant. Today, people, similarly snicker at the thought of hungry and tattered South Koreans standing up to the Red Chinese Government and challenging it to a fight till death. You know what happened to Goliath. History will repeat itself."

I looked at the soldier and for but one moment felt that I was witnessing the struggle of the centuries waged in my presence. All I could say was, "Amen."

HE SET the bottle of sleeping tablets beside his bed and proceeded to undress. Then, lighting a cigarette, he walked into the kitchen and drew a glass of water from the tap. This, too, he set on the table by the bed. Sitting down, he inhaled deeply a few times and stubbed the cigarette out in the ashtray. "It's so simple," he thought, "to end everything this way. I'm a powerful man. It's fitting that I take my own life." He felt a glow of independence surge through him as he unscrewed the cap from the bottle. "Two, four, six," he counted, "better make it eight to be on the safe side." Placing them on his tongue, he swallowed them with the water and slipped in between the sheets.

He couldn't have remained waiting for death to come to him. His mind raced back to the day when the doctors had told him that he had an incurable cancer and that, at most, he had only a year to live. That had been three months ago.

"How long does it take?" he thought. "If only I could fall asleep. I don't want to think any more." He listened to the rain hitting his window with vehemence. A bolt of lightning lit up the room for a second, then it was dark again. "A stormy night," he thought, "very appropriate." Then he realized that he was thinking like a child. He was actually glad that it was storming, because it made the situation more dramatic. Even suicide was childish, he thought. But actually it was the only way.

"I want to live so badly," he murmured, "yet it's impossible." What would the remainder of the year hold for him? Suffering, and then, finally, the death that he knew was inevitable. There was so much good in life. The joy in a smile, or the sadness in

Realization

WILLIAM PEARCE

a tear. These things were all good and fine because they were part of life. Then he knew. If just being alive made even sadness something good, then his life must not end. While he was thinking these thoughts, his eyes had been closed. When he opened them, it was like lifting two heavy pieces of lead.

He snapped the light on beside his bed and stood up. His knees were weak and unable to support him. Using the furniture as a guide, he groped his way to the living room and sat down beside the telephone. "I've got to live," he thought, "I've got to." Lifting the receiver from the hook, he quickly dialed the operator. He could hear a ringing sound and then her voice.

"Operator, get me—"

Lightning flashed across the sky before he finished. "Operator, get me the police. Operator!" he screamed.

His head was swimming now, and he knew there was little time. He hung up and then lifted the receiver. There was no dial tone. "The storm," he cried, "the storm!" He dropped the receiver to the floor and stood up. If he could only get to the window and cry out for help. Doggedly he raised himself from the chair and staggered across the room. When he got as far as the piano, the room started to spin dizzily about him and his knees folded beneath him. He grasped the piano for support, but in his hand there was no strength. His hands passed over a few keys before he fell, but to him the tones that came from them were inaudible.

Alley Escapade

PAUL OSTROWSKI

ROBESPIERRE WAS an American alley cat of the special New York City variety. Now, please do not confuse this with the plain alley cat, for then you will be doing Robespierre a gross injustice. New York alley cats have many features which do not appear in the other members of their races. First of all, the New York variety has a special scent about it which is about as exotic and rare as Chanel No. 5. In this heavenly scent, we can distinguish the unbelievably sweet odor of garbage cans. Intermixed with this there are tinges of wet leaves, sewage, chicken, and many other reasonably delightful fumes.

Another feature which makes these cats so different is their whole mental make-up. If you, somewhere in your journeys, have had the privilege of witnessing the crossing of a street by such a cat, you will know what I mean. However, for those poor unfortunates who have never had the honor, I shall try to describe this marvelous sight. First of all, from basic or kitten training, the cat will first stand at the curb and look in both directions to see if any cars are coming. If, for instance, a large truck should be passing, this highly intelligent animal will slowly and indig-

nantly retire to the safety of his stoop and shoot glances of bitter scorn at the rude vehicle. When there are no longer any cars in sight, a slow walk will be started to the middle of the street and then will become a fast gallop until after the safety of the opposite curb is attained.

For these special creatures, the contents of garbage pails are irresistible. No matter how well fed the animal may be, the lure of loose garbage cannot be denied. Perhaps it is sort of an adventure to see how many new things may be found, or perhaps the odor seems ambrosial to their sensitive nostrils.

Now let us look into the love life and the real charm of the New York alley cat. He is urban, debonair, a veritable sophisticate. His loves are many, and, sad as it may seem, these heartless creatures are not very adaptable to home life. They prefer the wild, adventurous, free existence and not the responsibility of a cat and kittens.

It is here that our story begins, for Robespierre, unlike the other alley cats, wanted a loving wife and a family. He remembered how, when as a kitten his mother had to go robbing garbage cans to feed the family after his father had deserted them. Sad as it was, he looked everywhere for a wife but was unable to find a single feline who would take him seriously. Mary, the maltese, had given him the cold stare routine and had walked away with her tail in the air when he had proposed. He knew of no other eligible lady cats so, in desperation, he just walked off one day to see if he could find someone in the world

who would love him.

His search continued for about three days and two nights of miserable and lonely wandering. It was deep winter and mighty cold. The neighborhood was rather well-to-do and hence the garbage pails yielded very little. He was feeling pangs of hunger by evening and was about to give up his search when, after crawling under a picket fence he caught sight of another cat. As he moved closer, he noticed that it was one of those ritzy, high-class Persians. She was sure a good looker, and boy what a tail!! Needless to say, he was taken with her good looks but was hesitant to approach her because of the difference in their social stations. It was only until she started walking that Robespierre decided to throw caution to the winds and approach the young lady (cat lady, of course). The delicate way in which she moved her paws and the sweet way in which she twisted her body made her seem a goddess to the exploring eyes of our loveless lad. Before nearing her, he added a few touches to his rather battered anatomy. A few agile movements of his tongue got his long white whiskers in proper order and after

putting his tail up in a jaunty manner he started his pilgrimage. He was a bit surprised to see that she didn't seem startled by his sudden appearance. Gathering his courage, he went onward. When finally he got to her, he was sure that this was really high society. She smelled to high heaven with that stuff that humans call "perfume." His plan for action was to give her the devil-may-care attitude so, lifting his paws in a martial manner, he paraded himself before her. She didn't move a whisker. He walked past her again. No result!! Finally, in desperation, he stood before her, staring into her liquidly green eyes which glowed like emerald fire in the light of the dying day. She suddenly got up, lifted her magnificent tail, and in a kitty-like fashion, rubbed against Robespierre's scarred side.

Well, today Robespierre and Gladys are happily married and have a small family of ten. It seems that Gladys was tired of fancy cats and wanted a husband who could really protect her. As I sit here now, I can see Robespierre (now more refined) lazily stretched out before me, home for a rest from the family which he so dearly loves.



Adventure in the Land of Eatin'

MAXINE WECHSELMAN

UP UNTIL yesterday I always looked upon talking as an art, but now it seems it can also be a crime. I committed this terrible crime when I was talking in the lunchroom during the silence period. So this is my fate, a three hundred word composition on talking. I'm not trying to deny the fact that I was talking out of turn, so I guess I'd better pay the penalty. Well to begin, I'll frankly state that I'm mighty sorry I did talk then because it must have been wrong for one reason or another. I hope it was a good reason, for I would certainly dislike writing this composition in vain.

However, since I am writing this composition and it is very hard for me to think of something interesting to say in three hundred words, I think I'll tell you my story. I don't think it will interest you, Mr. Kelly, but it may use up some words and that will help me a great deal, so here goes.

Once upon a time there was a sweet, innocent little Junior sitting peacefully at her lunch table, leisurely eating her lunch and chatting with her friends. After the allotted time for lunch was due to come to an end, this happy, contented, carefree Junior and her comrades heard the sweet, gentle voice of their favorite teacher, Mr. (kindhearted) Kelly, come over the public address system. He announced sweetly that at this time there would be no more talk-

ing allowed in the lunchroom until the end of the period. These girls entered this state of silence with all good intentions of carrying out their minds to disobey the command of such a docile man as that teacher. As time passed, each girl was tending to her own affairs and not speaking to anyone of the girls seated around her. This condition persisted for quite a long while until suddenly this sweet little Junior thought of something she considered to be a very important matter. She would only be able to get the solution at that very moment because she would not see her friend till the next day. By that time it would be too late to solve. So knowing she was doing wrong, she cast aside the warnings of her conscience and blindly, before changing her mind, she quickly whispered the question to her helpful girlfriend. Then she glanced around the lunchroom to see if any one had discovered her crime. Sure enough, there pointing at her in a very incriminating way, was the finger of a familiar, but unkind face of a teacher. The finger beckoned and the girl cowardly advanced toward it, awaiting her fate. She believed the teacher would treat her harshly, perhaps even make her sweep the floor. No, no, anything but that. Not, the cage, but her pleading was useless. Slowly she advanced toward the cage, hearing the insinuating and sarcastic remarks as she went.

So now it is done and this sad and very much happier girl has learned a timely lesson which is "CRIME DOESN'T PAY."

Romeo and Juliet

*There were two lovers long ago
Whose love was quite taboo
For the maiden was a Capulet
And the lad a Montague
Their families had fought for years,
Which made it all quite plain
Tho' Romeo loved Juliet,
Their love was all in vain.
So, secretly these two were wed
And ere a little while,
Misfortune came, and Romeo
Was put into exile.
Juliet then had a plan
So with Romeo she'd be,
But it failed and her love had died,
So quickly followed she.
But all's not sad for them,
As they enter another life,
For side by side they'll always be
Forever, Man and Wife.*



RITA BARSKY

"What Price Glory?"

JANET HILD

THE WAGONS creaked and groaned their way over the muddy road. The horses sank into the mire, snorting with fear. Their tired riders slouched forward in their saddles, trying to guide them and keep them from losing the path. The flash and sparkle of their blue uniforms gone with four days' riding, they made a forlorn sight as they plodded on through the slowly falling rain.

One of the soldiers, a bit younger than the rest, who rode his mount with the easy grace that distinguishes a cavalryman, sat erect in alert curiosity. He leaned forward in the saddle, rising slightly to look over the barren fields and up toward the huge plantation house which was their destination. At last they'd be able to get out of that everlasting rain. For the last day or so, it had been coming down steadily without the faintest sign of letting up. The thought of a dry floor and a roof over his head made him spur his mount to a gallop. His eagerness seemed to spread throughout the group, for instantly they all gave a shout and sped up the winding road as fast as the mud beneath their horses' hooves would allow. The two wagons were left to struggle for themselves, their drivers cursing the horsemen vehemently.

In all, there were fifteen men in the group, part of a Union outfit in McClellan's command. Their regiment was entrenched outside of Yorktown, waiting

to see what the Rebels were going to do. They had been sent back up the line to get more supplies, mainly bandages and medicine that would be needed in the event of a battle.

The racing group pulled up shortly in front of the tall white columns of the main veranda. They could see now that the house was deserted, for no light shone through the rain-streaked windows, nor was there any sound from within. The men immediately set at the task of breaking in. Their commander made no move to stop them, being as water soaked and saddle weary as they; in fact, he was among the first to enter the house. Close behind him came the young soldier, laughing jovially with his friend while they stamped the mud from their boots. Someone found a lantern and soon the dim forms about them became clear.

The light flickered for a moment over the young soldier's face, revealing a rugged complexion accentuated by blue eyes and straight black hair that crept down onto his forehead from beneath his hat. Although he was no longer laughing aloud, an inner laughter that rose from a joyous soul shone out of his eyes.

He looked about him in wonderment. He'd never been in the interior of a Southern mansion, had only seen them from afar. He noted that the hallway alone was twice the size of his living-room at home.

The group split up to take a look around. He and his friend went from room to room, marveling silently at what they saw. Finally, the grandeur of each room prompted him to poke his friend and comment, "You know what, Ed? Those Rebels sure know something when it comes to building houses. Why, you could hold a ball in that room over there!"

But all during the time he had been walking from room to room, the shouts of his buddies all around him, he'd had the feeling that he was an intruder. It was obvious that the owners had left hurriedly, for the furniture had not been covered and not all the clothes had been removed from the huge cedar closets that lined the walls of the bedrooms. He didn't mind breaking into an old deserted house, but one so recently lived in made a difference. He glanced into one of the bedrooms again and saw that the two wagon drivers, late-comers to the search, were pulling several dresses from one of the closets, turning them over roughly in their hands. The gowns were beautiful—flowing silks, stiff organdies, rustling taffetas—and were probably left behind because of their obvious impracticality.

Suddenly, acting upon impulse, Steve ran forward and grabbed one of the men by his lapels, yelling, "Let that stuff alone. It wasn't meant for the likes of you to handle!"

Sputtering madly, the soldier did so. However, his friend was not to be put down so easily.

"Well, well. Now who do you think you're giving orders to? As far as I can see, you're wearing a private's stripe. So get about your business. And if you don't know how, I'll be forced to show you." His partner now stood beside him, glaring and daring Steve to fight.

Realizing the futility of the situation, Steve turned and left the room. He brushed past his friend Ed, ran down the stairs, and went out to the edge of the veranda where he stopped and leaned against the stout column. The rain was coming down steadily and darkness had come. He knew that he was mad but at what he wasn't sure.

It wasn't just at the man inside. It was something more. The time passed and still he stood there. Slowly the realization came upon him. Everything was so senseless in this war. They had no right to be here in a stranger's house, tearing and destroying at will. They were ransacking a house that could well have been his own had the circumstances been reversed. Had anyone that privilege? All right, this was war, but there was still human dignity to be considered. All the shattered homes, broken families, the useless waste of life—brother killing brother in the biting smoke of battle. What was it getting anyone, how could it possibly solve the problem that faced the nation?

Gradually his anger cooled, but the convictions that had come upon him were fired by the turmoil of his mind. His friend Ed was beside him, talking to him and laughing in his characteristically care-free way. He remarked that it was about time for those clouds to blow away and take their rain with them, but Steve wasn't really listening. His answers came seemingly without his command.

The night was spent in fitful sleep. When finally the dawn came, the party set about preparing to leave. Each man had something either stuffed inside his jacket or rolled in his saddle pack. Steve looked with enmity at the men with whom the day before he had been proud to ride.

He hung back for a moment after the group was mounted to take a final look at the place. When at last he turned and galloped down the road, he knew that for him this war was over, his joy at the thought of battle gone. But how long would it be before the rest of the nation came to feel as he?

Dim Future

MONICA SCIMECA

BETTY SAT in the car and thought about what had just happened. She had finally told Louise what she thought of her, how she had felt for such a long time. It had been pent up inside her until she thought she would scream. Now she had told her everything, but had it done any good? She could still see Louise laughing at the way she had rattled off things that were long forgotten; that is, forgotten to everyone but Betty. She started to put the key in the ignition and stopped. What was bothering her now? She had said everything she wanted to say, yet she felt as if something was left unfinished. She put the key back into her bag and got out of the car. When she got to the house, Louise was on the phone. "Probably talking to Frank," Betty thought. She was just about to open the door, when part of the conversation caught her attention. Louise was telling Frank everything and she was laughing as if it were a big joke. Betty felt her anger build up again. She couldn't stand that mean, hysterical laugh. Before Betty opened the door, she stopped just long



enough to think of what she was going to do. The plan formed in her mind as she slammed the door behind her and a mean smile flashed across her face. Louise turned around and said, "What, back again? I thought you'd said everything you wanted to. Not that it bothered me, you understand." Betty didn't bother to answer her, she just advanced slowly into the room. She stopped by the fireplace and picked up the beautiful, hand-carved clock which Frank had given Louise for an anniversary gift. Betty thought to herself, "It could have been mine." With a steady hand she flung it across the room and heard it crash as Louise screamed. She smiled to herself. She was going to get even, slowly but surely. She picked up an andiron and with one swift movement was across the room, beating Louise to death. The past was flashing before her as she got her revenge. All the years of pain and anger were being wiped away in these few minutes. When she was convinced that Louise was dead, she sat down in the nearest chair and stared into space. Suddenly everything was all right again and all her anger was gone. Betty realized that everything would have been so much easier if Louise hadn't stepped into her life. A few days later Betty found herself telling the story to Frank and she wondered why he didn't understand, why he didn't see that now they could be happy together. After Frank went storming out the door, Betty got up from her chair and stared dejectedly out of the barred window into space, into the future.

Senior Music Makers

YVONNE BUGDONIS

THE ORCHESTRA is an important part of our school, yet it is often taken for granted. I would like to acquaint you with a few of the senior members of the orchestra.

First on the list is Joyce McKinley, our pianist. Joyce is an Arista member, likes dancing, all kinds of music, especially the mambo. Persons with "taking ways" and temperamental teachers annoy her to no end. French is her favorite subject and Miss Jones her favorite teacher. Joyce always has a big smile for everyone and after graduation intends to go to N.Y.U. and study to become a doctor.

Maybe you can remember last term when someone played the call in jazz time during the assembly. Let me now introduce the culprit, Eddie Serra. Besides playing jazz, he can be heard nearly every day (when he isn't late) playing his favorite song, "Tenderly." Eddie also enjoys football and used to belong to a team outside of school. So far as subjects go, he likes shop and band. Ed now spends a lot of time around planes and intends to see the world via the Naval Air Force.

For those of you who read Al Spitzer's column in the press, you might be interested to meet the person responsible for a great many of the fine write-ups Adams receives, Joseph Borsinger. Joe is the representative for our school on the Long Island Press, where he is an assistant reporter. He is fond of all sports but is slightly partial toward football, Notre Dame being his favorite team outside of Adams. Joe is quite versatile and plays the

flute, piano, and piccolo. He is a member of the All-City High School Orchestra and Band, and he has performed with the orchestra in Carnegie Hall. He likes dancing, eating at Jahn's (he's tried the whole menu), Peter Lorrie and Boris Karloff. His pet peeves are be-bop and eggs. Joe also has words of praise for Mr. Mascari and Mr. Scarlata, because, he says, few realize how very hard they work for the school. After Adams, Joe hopes to enter teachers' college, but says he will probably have to serve in the Navy first.

One of the quieter members is Margaret Rubenacker. Margaret is a violinist, and enjoys dancing, skating, bowling, and singing. She belongs to a German Singing Society outside of school. Margaret is a soccer enthusiast and likes to watch the German Hungarians play. The summer before last Margaret took a trip with her family to Germany, and one of the things she missed most was Kleenex. Paper is so expensive and hard to get. She had to use the handkerchiefs she had been given as a bon voyage gift. When she graduates Margaret will go into the business world.

The senior class president, Jack Fuchs, is a very fine trumpet player. He is active in quite a few musical activities outside of school, playing in the swing band, a community band at Bayside and in a band every Friday night at the Confraternity of Nativity R. C. Church. During the summer he worked in a law office as a receptionist. Jack is also fond of sports and played on a football team outside of school.

Cap and Gown

WAYNE FINCH

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it."

. . . Rubaiyat of Omar-Khayyám

ALTHOUGH WE'VE done some things that were not quite up to par during our stay here at John Adams, we wouldn't exchange it for the world. Bidding this school goodbye means saying farewell to the many friends, both student and faculty, that we have made here. No more hallways or jammed lunchlines, no more the feeling that we're among friends when we walk down the hall.

On looking back, we've discovered that we've spent some of our finest years here at Adams. When we were freshmen, there was the aspect of learning to know the school and the people in it. By our sophomore year, we were fairly well at home. In our junior year, we became cynical and disgusted. As seniors, we began to look ahead and see the great panorama of the future which our school had planned, to some extent, for us. Also, as seniors, we began to feel the pressure and "go-gettedness" that exists in the outside world and we began to wonder about the problems existing out there. As we studied them

more acutely, we began to bring into play the various information given us by our books and the practical illustrations of use given us by the faculty.

Upon reflection, we recall the school spirit that turned up at all those basketball games; the friendly feeling of comradeship after we had won a big game, the fine work of the English and Speech departments in the presentation of their plays and programs. We also recall the forums, most of which were extremely interesting, while others (let's be frank!) most certainly would have led us into dream-land if it had not been for the speakers' voices.

Remember some of those G.O. campaigns and some of those outlandish platforms that the nominees ran on?

Some people believe that the best part of school is graduating. We're not going to disagree with that, but we will say that it is only one of the best things that happen in school. Of course, there are some dark aspects of school, too, like being a senior. Oh, for a few days we were on top of the world and then—bang!—senior dues, rings, dental notes, Prom bids, pictures and, of course, the Variety Show.

So now it's goodbye, marble hallways, friends, faculty, and books. Goodbye campus and building. Goodbye, Adams!

COMMENCEMENT WILL bring the class of January 1953 to the parting of the ways and send each of us in quest of our position in life.

It was just four years ago that we, as eager and bewildered freshmen, were assembled and then systematically divided into our respective class. From that time forward, it was strictly an uphill climb. The years were filled with hard work, long hours of study, tests, Regents exams, and extra-curricular activities that took up our time and energy. But to offset the burden of work, there were the good times, the fun, and the close companionship with our schoolmates.

We'll keep with us always the memories of the dedication of Memorial Hall to those former students who made the supreme sacrifice; the wonderful assemblies given by the speech department, glee clubs, orchestra; the memory of our band marching through the neighborhood streets on parade days, of the dances with the "red-hot" swing band; the memory of the world series when it invaded Adams via television.

Realizing that any goal in school cannot be attained without full cooper-

Shoving Off

JOHN FUCHS

ation between student and faculty, we express our thanks to Mr. Clarke for his help in making and keeping John Adams on top both scholastically and morally. To his able and congenial assistant, Miss Keller, we express our appreciation for her efforts and aid, without which many things would not have been brought about nor successfully completed.

We would like to say here that Mr. Piatti, for his untiring, devoted and unselfish work with the band, the orchestra, the Senior class in connection with the Variety Show, deserves the highest praise, not only from ourselves but from the entire student body.

And so, our Senior year comes to a close. To each of us, John Adams will mean something different, will stand for different ideals. But for most of us, it will be an experience never to be forgotten.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

1 9 5 3

John Fuchs
President

Rita Waldman
Secretary

Alice Hepnan
Treasurer

Betty Ann Ward
Vice President

DONALD
STANK

—Taylor

BURKI, HEIDY

Second Honors; Bronze "A", Junior Arista; Honors School; Minor "A"; P.S.A.L. Pin; First Aid Certificate; Sewing Certificate; Meritorious Service Award; Honorable Mention; Commendation Card; Aid to Mr. Richter, Miss Curran, Miss Riordon, General Office; Lunchroom Squad; Program Committee; Celebrity Committee; Folk Dancing; Cheerleaders; Volleyball, Badminton Tournaments; Fashion Show '50, '51; Dramatics, "Sister Sue," "I Remember Mama"; Chevrons.—New York University.

BUTTNER, ROBERT

Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mrs. Visone; Newman Club.—College.

CAIAZZO, MARY

Second Honors; Swimming P.S.A.L. Pin; Sewing Award '50, '51; Fashion Show '49, '50, '51; First Aid, Home Nursing, Nutrition Certificates; Grade Advisors Office; Aid to Miss Killelea, Mr. Richter, Mr. Ahearn; Newman, Volleyball Clubs; Lunchroom Sergeant; Class Night '53.—Fashion Institute of Dress Designing.

CAMPO, MARIE

First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Miss Austin, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Clemens, Mr. Weisberg; Lunchroom Squad; Softball, Volleyball, Basketball, Badminton, Newman Clubs; Chevrons.—Business.

CAPOLONGO, NEIL

Bronze "A"; Commendation Cards; Meritorious Service Award; P.S.A.L. Pins; Captain of Dean's Squad '50-'53; Aid to Mr. Hundt, Miss Keller, Mr. Piatti, Mr. Rennert; Band '49-'53; Orchestra '51-'53; Key of Courtesy Swing Band; Swimming Team.—New York University.

CASCIOTTA, FRANCES

Second Honors; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mr. Ahearn; Table Captain, Sgt. in Lunchroom; Softball, Basketball, Newman Clubs.—Business



BUSCH, IRMA

First, Second Honors; Spanish Proficiency Pins; German Proficiency Pins; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; Honors School; Forums; Honor Assemblies; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Exceptional Service Certificate; Aid to Miss Leary; Dean's Squad; Lunchroom Sergeant; Spanish, German Clubs; Class Night '53; Volleyball.—Business.

BYRNE, ANNE

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Meritorious, Exceptional Awards; P.S.A.L. Medal; Junior, Senior Arista; Commendation Card; Aid to Mr. Mould, Mr. Ahearn, Miss Laws; Class Night January '53; Second Term G.O. Representative; "Campus", Section Representative; Cheerleaders; Newman Club; Junior Mixed, Senior, Spanish Glee Clubs.—Business College.

CAMPBELL, NORMAN

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; P.S.A.L. Awards; Major "A" for Track; G.O. Representative; Aid to Mr. Martin, Mr. Cronin, Hall Patrol; Table Captain; Lieutenant in Lunchroom; Service with Mr. Downey; President of "Winged Foot Club"; Track Team, '52 City Champs, State Spring Medley Champs.—College of Aeronautics.

CAPIELO, ANN

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Fahey, Miss Reuss, Miss Austin, Library Squad; Emergency Room, Locker Room, Lunchroom Squads; Folk Dancing, Newman Clubs.—Business.

CARDINAL, ROBERT

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Mr. Ray; Dean's Squad; Lunchroom Service; Latin, Newman Clubs; Basketball, Softball Intramurals.—College.

CELLA, MARIE

First Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Senior Arista, Honors School, Latin Proficiency Pins; Latin Term Awards; Meritorious Service Award, First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Bronze P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin; Aid to Mrs. Troyano; Lunchroom Squad; President of Latin Club; Class Night '53.—Business College.

"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart"

—Heywood

CERCELLI, ALICE

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A's"; First Aid Certificate; First Prize in Home Economics Dept.—Highest in Two Years of Household Arts; Aid to Mr. E. J. Clarke, Miss Riordon; Lunchroom; "Clipper" Staff; Fashion Show; Class Night '53.—Airline Stewardess.



CHEESE, JANETTE

Honor Certificate for Sewing '51, '52; Meritorious Service Award; G.O. Representative; Aid to Mrs. Hart, Miss Dirk, Miss Novotny; Library Squad; Lunchroom; Fashion Show '51, '52; Volleyball Club.—The Wood Secretarial School.

CHRISTENSEN, GEORGE

Bronze "A"; Distinguished Service Service Certificate; Aid to Mr. Byers; Captain Hall Patrol; Lunchroom, Late Squads; Softball, Basketball Intramurals.—Academy of Aeronautics.



CHRISTENSEN, GEORGE

Minor, Major "A's"; Table Captain; Football '51, '52.—Business.

CLANCY, JOHN

Bronze "A"; Major, Minor Letters in Basketball; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Scarlata, Mr. Byers, Mr. Delaney, Mr. Morse; Basketball Team '48-'52, Varsity '51, '52; Basketball, Softball Intramurals.—United States Army.



CLEMENTE, ELEANOR

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, "A's"; Junior Arista, Honors School, Proficiency Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Riordon, Mr. Richter, Mrs. Mather; Lunchroom Squad; Cheerleaders.—Business.

CLEMENTE, MARION

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; First Aid Certificate; Proficiency Pins; Home Nursing Certificate; Junior Arista; Aid to Mrs. Mather, Miss Novotny; Service Certificates; Cheerleaders Club.—Business.



CORNELL, GEORGE

P.S.A.L. Pins; Service on Dean's Squad, Hall Patrol; Service in Lunchroom.—U. S. Air Force

COTOV, FRANK

First Aid Certificate; P.S.A.L. Award; Aide to Mr. Martin, Mrs. Hess, Mr. Rennert; Captain in Lunchroom; Glee Club '48, '49, '50; Basketball, Softball, Handball Intramurals.—Business.



COYLE, DORIS

Second Honors; Bronze "A", First Aid and Home Nursing Certificates; Minor "A", Chevrons; Aid to Mrs. McCotter, Miss Riordon, Mrs. Blick, E. J. Clarke; "Clipper" Typist; Lunchroom Table Captain Volleyball, Softball, Basketball, Leaders, Newman and Spanish Clubs.U. S. Waves.

COYNE, JOSEPH

First Meritorious Award; P.S.A.L. Pin; Minor "A"; Aid to Mr. Rennert, Mr. Byers, Mr. Burns, Mr. Confoy; Hall Patrol; Softball, Basketball, Handball Tournaments.—U.S. Navy.



CURRERI, RONALD

P.S.A.L. Awards; Italian Proficiency Pin; Bronze and Silver "A", Silver Medal; Aid to Mrs. Mather, Miss Curtis; Hall Patrol; Lunchroom Squad; Italian Club; Handball, Softball, and Final Basketball Intramurals.—U. S. Army.

"He is all fault who hath no fault at all"

—Tennyson

DAHLM, RALPH

Honor School; First and Second Honors; Latin and Spanish Proficiency Pins; P.S.A.L. Pins; Latin Three Years Award; Spanish Two Years Award; Bronze, Silver "A's"; Dean's Squad; Latin Club; Forums.—College.



DALTON, EDWARD

Bronze, Silver, and Gold "A's"; First, Second and Third Meritorious Service Award; First, Second and Third Exceptional Award; Distinguished Service Award; Captain of Lunchroom Squad; Advanced Chorus 1948-52; All City Chorus 1950-52.—Business



DAVIS, THELMA

P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Finn, Lunchroom Table Captain; Choral, Basketball, Volleyball Clubs; Pool Leader. — Bronze Modeling School.



DAYSON, GLORIA

Two Minor "A's"; First Aid Certificate; Meritorious Award; Aid to Miss Feinberg, Miss Novotny, Miss Reuss; Lunchroom Squad; Emergency Room; Softball, Swimming Clubs; Senior Life Saving. —Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences.



DE GRUCCIO, ANTHONY

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Mr. Shields, Dr. McGill, Mrs. Stein, Mrs. Stern; "Campus" Staff.—City College



DELLOIACONO, LOUIS

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First Aid, Art Certificates; P.S.A.L. Pins '49-'50; Dean's Squad; Hall Patrol Captain; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Stein; Mr. O'Shea, Mr. Troyano Football Squad; Handball, Softball, Basketball Clubs; Italian Club.—St. John's School of Commerce.



D'ALCONZO, FRANCES

Second Honors; Junior Arista; Bronze and Silver "A's"; Honors School, Honor Assemblies; Meritorious and Exceptional Service Awards; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Class Night 1953; Bronze and Silver P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Yourman, Mrs. Lyons, Miss Jewel; Lunchroom Squad; Folk Dancing Club.—Business

DAVIS, SHIRLEY

Honors Assembly; Home Nursing, First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Keegan; Library Squad; Lunchroom; Spanish Glee Club; Social Dancing.—Queens College.

DAVIS, THOMAS

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Lunchroom Squad; Dean's Office; Attendance Office; Football Squad, Handball, Softball Intramurals.—College

DEAN, VIRGINIA

First Aid Certificate; P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin; Library Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Volleyball Club.—Business.

DELAUNAY, MARILYN

Second Honors; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mr. Mould, Miss Disbrow; Lunchroom Squad; P.S.A.L. Pin; Volleyball Club; Dramatics; Variety Show '53.—Business.

DEL VICARIO, JEAN

First Aid and Home Nursing Certificates; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Kean, Mrs. Keegan, Mrs. Troyano; Lunchroom Squad; Life Saving; Class Night 1953.—Business.

"Intelligence is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes"

—Bacon

DE RICCO, JOSEPH

Second Honors; Latin Proficiency Pin; Softball, Basketball, Handball Intramurals; Silver, Bronze P.S.A.L. Pins; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Burns, Mr. Connor, Mr. Confoy, Mr. Ahearn, Mr. McVey; Latin, Newman Clubs; Football, Baseball Squads.—College.

DE SALVO, ROBERT

Aid to Mr. Gorman, Hall Patrol; Mr. Confoy; Camera Club.—Business.

DUNN, EDNA

Second Honors, Bronze "A"; Meritorious Service Award; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Mecinski, Miss Hess; General Office; Fashion Show; Glee Club; Square Dancing; Dramatics, "Cheaper by the Dozen." — Women's Marine Corps.

EDMONDSON, GARY

Honors Assemblies; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Steed; Hall Captain with Miss Gilligan; Band 1951-52; Orchestra 1951-52; Handball, Softball; Swing Band.—Commercial Artist.

EPSTEIN, MELVIN

Meritorious Service Award; Exceptional Service Award; P.S.A.L. Pins; Library Squad, Captain of Hall Patrol, Locker room; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Troyano, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Blick; Dramatics, "Cheaper by the Dozen," Sister Sue, "Hearts Were Young and Gay"; Forums; Variety Show, Class Night '52, '53.—Show Business.

ESTELLE, ANNE

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Miss Crowley; Lunchroom Service; G.O. Representative; Volleyball, Lifesaving, Cheerleaders, Newman Clubs; Class Night '53.—Barbizon School of Modeling.



DE ROSA, FRANK

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; P.S.A.L. Pins; Senior Arista; Meritorious Service Award; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Spanish Teachers Assn. Medal, Commendation Cards; Late Squad; Language Office; Lunchroom Squad; Library; "Campus" Representative; Handball Intramurals. — Clarkson College of Technology.

DI GREGORIO, SERAFINA

Italian Proficiency Pin, First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Mather, Mrs. Gould, Lunchroom Squad; Italian Club.—Business.

DURANDETTE, LOIS

First and Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; Honors School; P.S.A.L. Awards; Aid to Miss Jewell, Mr. Gross; Meritorious Service Award; G.O. Section Representative; Junior and Senior Glee Clubs; Spanish Glee Club; Pemblec Club; Spanish Club; Badminton, Volleyball, Cheerleaders Clubs; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Cheering Squad 1952-53; Forum Council; Class Night 1953.—Hofstra.

ENGLISH, JACQUELINE

Meritorious Service Award; First Aid Certificate; Honor Assembly; Home Nursing Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mrs. Keegan, Mr. Ahearn; G.O. Section Representative; "Campus" Representative; Social Dancing, Folk Dancing, Spanish Glee Clubs; Class Night.—Creedmore State Hospital of Nursing.

ERICSON, MARY

Second Honors; Junior and Senior Aristas; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Literary Society Foundation, N. Y.; Award in German; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Mr. Jacobson; Lunchroom Squad; German Club; Folk Dancing; Class Night '53.—Brooklyn College of Pharmacy.

FAVA, JAMES

Second Honors; Latin Proficiency Pin; First Aid Certificate; Dean's Squad.—Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences.

FAY, EDWARD

Bronze P.S.A.L. Pins 1951-52; Softball, Handball, Basketball Intramurals; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Stein, Mr. Purro, Mr. Scarlata; Lunchroom Squad; Dramatics, "Cheaper by the Dozen."—Business.

FERRARESE, LOUISE

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Italian Proficiency Pins; First Aid Certificate; P.S.A.L. Pin; Home Nursing Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Kean, Miss Riordon, Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Glee, Hearstone, Italian Clubs; Class Night; Softball Club.—Business.

FETTES, JOAN

Bronze P.S.A.L. Pin; First Aid, Nutrition, and Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Jewel, Miss Siliman, Miss Armstrong; Lunchroom Squad; Newman Club; Dramatics, "Sister Sue," Variety Show, and Class Night '53.—Business.

FINN, ROBERT

Intramurals, Softball, Basketball, Handball; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Miss Berner, Lunchroom Squad; Senior Glee Club, Three Years.—U. S. Army.

FORD, BARBARA

Bronze "A"; Meritorious Certificate for Service, Minor "A"; G.O. Representative; Aid to Miss Austin, Miss Bennett, Miss Feinberg, Mrs. Mecinski; Cheerleaders, Badminton, Junior Glee Club '48, '49; Chevrons, Tournament.—College.

FRAZIER, RAY

Second Honors; Major "A"; Silver, Bronze "A"; Meritorious Award; Captain of Cafeteria Squad '51, '52; Aid to Mr. Hundt, Mrs. Foster, Mr. Morse, Miss Berner, Mr. Downey, Miss Breitenbach; Vice President of Winged Foot Club; Advanced Chorus, All City High School Chorus, Captain of Track Team.—Drew University.



FERRARA, JUDITH

Bronze "A"; Two Meritorious Service Awards; Home Nursing Certificate; Aid to Miss Giammalvo, Miss Schottland, Miss Novotny, Lunchroom Squad; Emergency Room; Chemistry Squad; Volleyball, Cheerleaders, Spanish Clubs; Dramatics, "Case of the Silent Caroler," "Unsuspected Fruit," and "Class Night '53"; Variety Show.—Business.

FERRARO, MICHALENA

First Aid, Home Nursing, Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Miss Feinberg, Miss O'Connor; Folk Dancing Club.—Business.

FINCH, WAYNE

Bronze and Silver "A's", Bronze and Silver P.S.A.L. Pins; Minor "A"; Meritorious, First Aid Certificates; Aid to "Clipper" Staff; Captain of Hall Patrol; Captain of Lunch room; Aid to Mr. E. J. Clark, Mr. Byrnes, Mr. Gorman; Track Team and Cross Country Team; Winged Foot and Newman Clubs; Basketball Intramurals.—United States Navy.

FISCHER, IRMA

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; German Proficiency Pins; Meritorious Service Award; Honors School '50, '51, '52; Bronze, Silver, Gold Swimming Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Junior, Senior Lifesaving Certificates; Library Squad; Dean's Squad; Aid to Miss Hess; Lunchroom Service; Glee Club; Softball, Basketball, Volleyball; Class Night '53; Lifesaving.—Queens College.

FORD, MARGARET

Second Honors, Bronze "A"; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Bronze, Silver P.S.A.L. Pins; Home Nursing Certificate; Aid to Mr. Yourman, Miss Leary, Miss Gilligan, Miss Degen, Miss Lomax; Lunchroom; Newman Club; Cheerleaders; Staff Member of "Newman News."—The Convent of Precious Blood.

FREEMAN, BARBARA

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Meritorious Award; Emergency Room; Pool Service; Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Reilly; Lunchroom Service; Newman, Volleyball, Softball Clubs; Variety Show '52.—Dance Instructor.

FREIDMAN, DORIS

First and Second Honors; Member of Honor School since Third Term; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Exceptional and Meritorious Service Awards; Junior and Senior Arista; Spanish Proficiency Pins; First Aid and Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss DeKernay, Mr. McNicholas, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Kean, Miss Massey, Mrs. Stein; Lunchroom Squad; Sergeant; Table Captain; Service League; Journalism.—Queens College.

FULFARO, ANNE

Second Honors; First Aid and Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mr. Ahearn, Mrs. Fahey, Mr. Richter; Lunchroom Squad, Table Captain; Class Night '53; Modern Dancing Club.—Business

GRANDOLF, JOHN

Library Squad, Lunchroom Service, Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Hundt.—Business.

GARCIA, JOSEPH

Hall Patrol with Mr. Martin; Lt. of Guards; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mrs. Blick; Basketball Intramurals.—U. S. Navy.

GEIL, MARYLOU

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "s"; Junior, Senior Arista; Honors School; Latin Proficiency Pins; Forums; First Aid Certificate, P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin; Minor "A's"; P.S.A.L. Medals; Forum Council, Chevrons; Meritorious, Exceptional Distinguished Awards; Regents Week Service; Lunchroom Squad; Dramatics, "Sister Sue," "I Remember Mama," Aid to Miss Riordon; G.O. Representative; Badminton, Table Tennis, Folk Dancing, Volleyball, Cheerleaders, Pemblec Clubs.—Business.

GILKISON, ROBERT

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; John Quincy Adams Medal for Public Speaking; Latin Proficiency Pins; Honors School; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Award; Boy Leader of Arista; Pemblec, Latin, Dramatic Clubs; Public Speaking Contests; Forums, Forum Council; Honors Assembly Council.—College.



FUCHS, JACK

First and Second Honors; Bronze Silver, Gold "A's"; Special Commendation Card; P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Meritorious and Exceptional Service Certificates; Latin Proficiency Pins; Junior Arista; Section and "Campus" Representative; Member of the Executive Council; Aid to Mr. Piatti; Class Night; Dramatics, "Cheaper by the Dozen," "Silent Caroler," and "Unsuspected Fruit"; Band, Orchestra, G.O. Swing Band; Softball, Handball, Football Intramurals.—State Teachers College.

GAMBICHLER, ROBERT

Silver P.S.A.L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Morse, Mr. Piatti; Glee Club '49-'51, Swing Band '51, '52; Softball, Basketball Intramurals.—Business

GANGL, ROSEMARIE

First Aid and Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Moloney; Lunchroom Squad; Folk Dancing, Volleyball Clubs.—Business

GAWRONSKI, EDWARD

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A"; Minor "A"; Meritorious Service Award; Senior Arista; P.S.A.L. Pins; Table Captain, Lunchroom Squad; Captain of Hall Patrol; Newman Club; Softball, Handball, Basketball Intramurals.—N. Y. State Institute of Applied Arts and Science.

GENTILINI, GINO

P.S.A.L. Pin; Hall Patrol; Lunchroom Squad; Softball, Basketball, Handball Intramurals; Italian Club; Swimming Club.—College.

GODOY, ADELE

First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; Library Squad; Mrs. Butcher, Miss Austin, Mr. Mould; Folk Dancing, Social Dancing, Volleyball, Softball, Newman Clubs.—Business.

"When two men in a business always agree, one of them is unnecessary"

—Wrigley

GOLDBERG, RITA

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Commendation Card; Home Nursing, First Aid Certificates; Honors School; History Forums, Honors Assembly Programs, Junior, Senior Arista; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Service Aid to Miss De Kernay, Mr. Maralian, Miss Crowley; Sergeant in Lunchroom; Spanish Glee Club; Spanish, Judean Club; Class Night '53.—Queens College.

GRANT, GERALDINE

Second Honors; Athletic, Service Awards; Aid to Miss O'Connor, Mr. Browne, Mr. Landers, Mr. Ahearn, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Kean, Mrs. Mecinski, Miss Johnston; Glee Club; Library Squad; Varsity, Volleyball, Softball, Basketball, Badminton, Swimming, Folk and Square Dancing, Latin, Newman Clubs.—Business.

HAHN, CAROLE

Bronze "A"; Minor "A's"; P.S.A.L. Pins; Service Awards; Leaders "L", Varsity "V", Chevrons; Aid to Mr. Yourman, Mrs. Mecinski, Miss Reuss, Miss Johnston, Miss Laws, Lunchroom; "Clipper"; Volleyball, Badminton, Leaders, Varsity, Basketball; Folk and Square Dancing Clubs; Class Night '53.—College.

HAMM, JANET

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Minor, Major "A's"; P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid, Life Saving Certificates; Captain of Lunchroom; Aid to Mrs. Reilly, Miss Riordon; Volleyball, Basketball, Softball Clubs; Forum, Public Speaking Contests.—College.

HAYES, PATRICIA

Library Squad, Lunchroom Service, Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Hundt.—Business.

HEENAN, ALICE

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; P.S.A.L. Medal; First Aid, Home Nursing, Nutrition Certificates; Meritorious, Exceptional, Second Meritorious Service Awards; Junior, Senior Arista; Honor School '51, '52; Class Treasurer; Fashion Shows '50, '51, '52; Class Night '52; Awards in Fashion Show; "Campus" Representative; Aid to Mrs. Reilly, Miss Kennedy, Miss Jewel, Miss Macdowell, Miss Lomax; Lunchroom Squad, Table Captain; Program Committee; Newman, French Clubs.—Business.



GRAF, DELORES

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Woods; Lunchroom, Table Captain; Newman Club.—Business School.

GRAY, MITZI

Bronze "A"; Meritorious Award; P.S.A.L. Medal, First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Riordon; Lunchroom Guard; Sergeant; Table Captain; Fashion Show '51, '52; G.O. Representative, "Campus" Representative; Library; Volleyball Club; Social Dancing; Class Night; Softball.—Wood Secretarial School.

HALBHUBER, BARBARA

Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Commendation Card; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Major, Minor "A's"; P.S.A.L. Medals; Aid to Mrs. Kean, Mrs. Gould, Miss Feinberg; Dean's Squad; Program Committee; Lunchroom Squad; Jr. Mixed Chorus; Class Night '53; Basketball, Volleyball, Leaders, Softball, Cheerleaders, Modern, Folk Dancing; Life Saving, Newman Clubs.—College.

HAUSER, BARBARA

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; First Aid Certificate; Junior, Senior Arista; Biology Laboratory Squad; Dean's Office, Aid to Mr. Froehlich, Mrs. Kean, Miss Lomax, Lieutenant of Lunchroom; Dramatics, "Seventeen," "Youth and Uncle Sam," "Best Foot Forward"; Softball, Volleyball, Leaders, Spanish Glee Clubs; Captain of Volleyball Team; P.S.A.L. Tournament Medals.—Queens College.

HAZELTON, JOAN

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Latin Proficiency Pin; Aid to Mr. Gross, Miss Clemens, Mrs. Gould, Miss Jewel, Miss Novotny, Miss Crowley; Social Dancing, Class Night.—College.

HEFFERT, CELESTE

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Gould; Lunchroom Guard; Volleyball; Folk Dancing, Newman Clubs.—Business.

—Sachs

HELSTROM, MARJORIE

Senior Life Saving Certificate; P.S.A.L. Medal; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Miss Keller '50, '51; Lunchroom Squad; Pool Leaders, Life Saving.—College.

HESS, DONALD

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; P.S.A.L. Pin; Senior Arista; Spanish Glee Club; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Meritorious Service Certificate; Lunchroom, Library Squads; Aid to Miss De Kernay, Dr. McGill; Newman Club.—Fordham University.

HILD, JANET

First Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; Girl Leader Senior Arista; Honors School; Second Term Award; Fifth Term Commercial Award; Two Years Secretarial Award; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Certificate of Merit in Art; Forum and Honors Assemblies Councils, First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Editor of "Clipper"; Aid to Mrs. Weldon, Miss Gilligan, Mr. Yourman, Mr. E. J. Clarke, Miss Crowley; Lunchroom Squad; Spanish Glee Club; Volleyball, Square Dancing; Basketball, Leaders Clubs; P.S.A.L. Medals, Minor "A".—Business.

HOLDER, JOYCE

First Aid Certificate; P.S.A.L. Medals; Aid to Miss Austin; Sergeant in Lunchroom; Fashion Show '49; Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton; Cheerleaders, Square Dancing Clubs. — Wood Secretarial School.

INGRASSIA, GABRIEL

First Aid Certificate; P.S.A.L. Award; Co-Captain Hall Patrol; Captain Hall Patrol; Lunchroom Service Service Aid to Mr. Clemens, Mr. Mould, and Mr. Scarlata; Track Team; Captain of Softball Team. — United States Navy.

ISABELLA, MARY

Bronze "A"; Italian Proficiency Pins; Second Honors; Junior Arista; First Aid and Home Nursing Certificates Aid to Mrs. Mather, Miss Novotny; Table Captain in Lunchroom; Newman Club.—Business.



HEMPFLING, BARBARA

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Honors School; Junior Arista; Exceptional Service Awards; Service in Biology Laboratory; Lunchroom; Library Squad; Volleyball, Spanish Clubs; Spanish Glee Club Class Night '53.—Business School.

HESS, NORMAN

Second Honors, Gold, Silver, Bronze "A's"; Honors School, Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Junior, Senior Arista; German Proficiency Pin, First Aid Certificate; P.S.A.L. Pins; Late Squad; Biology Lab Squad; History Office; Sergeant on Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Almon; Handball Intramurals. — Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences.

HOGANS, JANET

First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom, Captain of Table, Sergeant in Lunchroom; Aid to Miss Finn.—Business.

HOLZMANN, ROBERT

Second Honors; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Miss Pritchard, Mrs. McCotter; Hall Patrol; Softball, Basketball, Handball Intramurals; Basketball Softball Champs '52. — U. S. Marines.

INZERILLO, MARY

First Aid and Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Kean, Miss Reuss, Miss Riordon; Lunchroom Squad; Cheerleaders, Italian, and Softball Clubs; Class Night. — Business.

IZZO, ANNA

Library Squad, Lunchroom Service, Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Hundt.—Business.

JACOBS, IRENE

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A's"; Meritorious Awards, Exceptional Award; Gold, Silver, Bronze P.S.A.L. Pins; Major, Minor "A's"; Chevrons; First Aid and Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Berner, Mr. Ahearn, Mr. Richter, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Austin; "Campus" Representative, Three Terms; G.O. Vice President '52; Class Night '52, '53; Glee Club, Advance Chorus, Softball, Volleyball, Basketball; Cheerleaders; Leaders; Clubs; Dramatics, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," "Sister Sue."—Business College.

JENKINS, JUNE

Red Cross Nursing, First Aid, and Home Nursing Certificates; P.S.A.L. Swimming Award; Emergency Room, Miss Austin; Sgt., Lt., Table Captain in Lunchroom; Spanish, Glee Clubs; Variety Show '53; Class Night '53.—Lincoln School of Nursing.

KAELEN, ARLINE

Service, Home Nursing, First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Aid to Mr. McClelland, Miss Sileo, Miss Berner; Table Captain; Class Night '53; Glee Club; Advanced Chorus; Dramatics, "Sister Sue," "Mama."—Business.

KARGES, GEORGE

Second Honors; Lunchroom and Hall Patrol; Basketball, Softball Intramurals Clubs.—United States Air Force.

KENNEDY, MARY

Second Honors Junior and Senior Arista; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Bronze, Silver "A's"; Honors School, First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Kean; Library Squad, Biology Lab.; "Clipper"; Meritorious Award; Spanish Glee Club; Class Night '53; Pemblec Club.—St. Lukes School of Nursing.

KITT, RICHARD

P.S.A.L. Pin; Hall Patrol; Table Captain, Sergeant in Lunchroom; Softball Intramurals.—College



JANSSEN, JEAN

First Aid Certificate; Meritorious Service Award; P.S.A.L. Pin; Aid to Mrs. Lambert, Miss Thibadeau; Lt. on Lunchroom Squad; Cheerleaders; Junior Girls' Chorus; Senior Glee Clubs.—Business.

JOHNSON, GLORIA

Bronze and Silver "A"; Minor "A"; Meritorious and Exceptional Award; Chevrons; Sergeant of Lunchroom; Aid to Mrs. Gould; Dean's Squad; Miss Johnston, Emergency Room; Badminton, Basketball, Volleyball, and Softball Clubs.—Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School.

KANE, ARLENE

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Senior Arista; Meritorious Service Award; Participant in Speech Contest, '50, '51, '52, Winner of the John Quincy Adams Public Speaking Medal '52; First Aid Certificate; Member of Girls' Athletic Council; Major, Minor "A's"; Leaders "L", Varsity "V", Chevrons; P.S.A.L. Medals, Swimming Pins; Aid to Mrs. Kean; Volleyball, Softball, Basketball, Badminton; Leaders, and Varsity Clubs.—Delehanty Institute.

KELLY, LAWRENCE

Major and Minor Letters in Football; Aid to Mr. Scarlata, Mr. Byers, Mr. Mascari; Locker Room; Emergency Room; Gym Guard; Football Team '50, '51; Gridiron and Basketball Clubs. — Wake Forest College.

KIESEL, BARBARA

Bronze "A"; Exceptional Award; 2 Meritorious First Aid Certificates; Nutrition, Home Nursing Certificates; P.S.A.L. Pin; Junior Glee Club; Lunchroom Service; Service Aid to Mrs. Lyons, Miss Degen, Miss Saumell, Mrs. Blick, Miss Gilligan, Miss Lomax; Class Night '53; Volleyball, Badminton and Baseball Clubs.—Business

KOEBELE, MARGARET

Second Honors; First Aid, Home Nursing, Nutrition Certificates; Service Aid to Mrs. Kean, Mr. Gross, Miss Riordon; Table Captain; Newman Folk Dancing, Volleyball Clubs; Class Night '53.—Secretarial School.

"Humor is the harmony of the heart"

—Jerrold

KRAT, JOAN

Second Honors; Meritorious Certificates; P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Service Award; Senior Arista, Bronze "A"; Fashion Show '50, '51; Service Aid to Miss Larson, Miss Riordon, Mr. Confoy, Miss Austin; Lunchroom Service; Pool Leaders, Life Saving Clubs.—Business



KOSTROFF, SHIRLEY

Second Honors, Meritorious Award; First Aid Certificate; Service Aid to Miss Keller, Lunchroom Service; Judean Club.—Business.

KORDON, JOHN

Gold, Bronze "A's"; Commendation Cards; Band '49, '50, '51, '52; Service Aid to Mr. Troyano; Field Band; Softball, Basketball Tournaments.—Business.



KRAUSS, EDWIN

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Junior Arista; Meritorious Service Award; Red Cross and Swimming Certificates; Aid to Miss Novotny, Mr. Connors, Mr. Siegfried, Mr. Landers; Library Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Photography Squad; Photography, Pemblec Clubs.—New York University.

KUGLER, WILLIAM

Second Honors Hall Patrol, Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Miss Munn; Handball Intramurals.—Business



LANGIULLI, MICHAEL

Second Honors; Hall Patrol; Aid to Mr. Kuhle; Softball and Basketball Intramurals; Silver P.S.A.L. Pins.—College.

LAUTERBACH, WILLIAM

Basketball and Softball Intramurals; Lunchroom Squad.—Brooklyn Polytech.



LEE, THOMAS

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; German Certificate and Proficiency Pins; Senior Arista; Secretary Senior Arista; Aid to Mr. Jacobson; Meritorious Certificate; History Office; Pemblec Club, German.—College.

LESSLIE, JAMES

Second Honors; Aid to Mrs. Fahey, Mr. Shiels, Mr. Gunthert; Swimming Team.—U. S. Navy.



LEVY, LESLIE

First, Second Honors; Seventh Term Academic Award; Senior Arista; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Forum, Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Meritorious, Exceptional Distinguished Service Awards; Aid to Mr. Piatti, Mrs. Stern, Miss Crowley, Mr. Hassett; Band, Orchestra; "Campus," Feature, News and Composing Editor; Class Night '53.—Queens College.

LICATA, DIEGO

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Bronze and Silver P.S.A.L. Pins; Basketball, Softball, Handball Intramurals; Library Squad; Hall Patrol; Dean's Squad; Service in Lunchroom; Dramatics, "Cheaper by the Dozen," "Sister Sue," "I Remember Mama"; Spanish Glee Club '51, '52.—St. John's College.



LICATA, ROSALIE

First and Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Italian Proficiency Pins; Italian Teachers' Association Certificates; Seventh Term Commercial Award; First and Second Term Italian Culture Medals; Junior and Senior Arista; First and Second Meritorious Service and Exceptional Service Certificates; Aid to Miss Adorno, Mrs. Mather, Miss Leary, Mr. Yourman; Program Committee; Volleyball, Folk Dancing and Italian Clubs; Class Night '53.—Business.

"Because you lack a noble and successful past is no reason why you should lack a noble and successful future"

—Dreier

MORAN, KATHLEEN

Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; First, Second Honors; Home Nursing, First Aid Certificates; Meritorious Service Award; Honors School; Aid to Miss Brennan, Miss Jewell, Mrs. Kean, Miss Reuss, Miss Johnston, Lunchroom Squad; Volleyball, Softball, Basketball, Varsity, Leaders, Folk Dancing Clubs; Major, Minor Letters in Athletics; P.S.A.L. Medals; Newman; Chevrons; Class Night '53; G.O. Section Representative.—College.

MUELLER, KENNETH

Major Letters Football '51, '52, Baseball '51; P.S.A.L. Pins; Second Honors; Service in Library, Lunchroom; Football '51, '52, Baseball '51; Basketball, Softball Intramurals.—New York University.

NEEDLE, JOEL

Second Honors; Library Squad; Service in Lunchroom, Attendance Office; Basketball, Softball and Handball Intramurals.—College.

NELSON, GUSTAVE

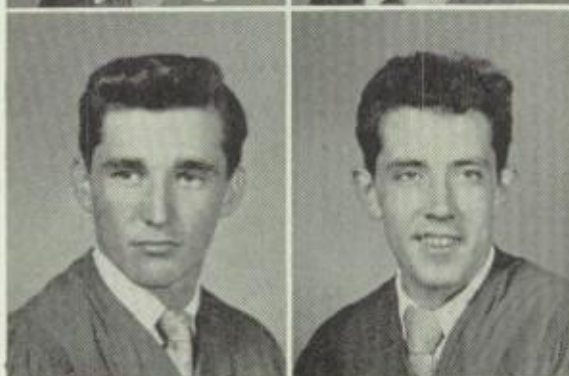
Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Second Honors; Meritorious, Exceptional, Distinguished Service Awards; German Proficiency Pins; Senior Arista; Service in Biology Laboratory, Late Squad; Aid to Mr. Sheppard, Miss Sileo, Mr. Delaney; Pemblec, German, Public Speaking Clubs; Pan American Contests, Great American Contests; Forums.—Ministry, Wagner College.

NICHOLS, ROBERT

Softball, Basketball Intramurals; Bronze, Silver P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Schiffres, Mr. Patterson, Hall Patrol, Lunchroom Squad; Spanish Club.—Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences.

NOTARO, MARY ANN

Second Honors; First Aid, Nutrition, Home Nursing Certificates; Chevron; Meritorious Award; Aid to Mr. Ahearn, Miss Riordan, Class Night '53; Volleyball, Swimming, Folk Dancing, Spanish, Newman, Glee Clubs.—Laboratory Institute of Merchandising.



MORRIS, GERTRUDE

Bronze "A"; Two Minor "A's"; Volleyball and Softball; Meritorious Service Award; P.S.A.L. Pin; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Siegfried, Mr. Yourman, Miss Riordan, Miss Crowley, Miss Kennedy, Miss Woods; Softball, Volleyball, Basketball, Square Dancing, Newman Clubs; Class Night '53.—Business.

MURRAY, TIMOTHY

Second Honors; P.S.A.L. Pins; Captain of Hall Patrol; Aid to Mr. Confoy; Softball, Handball, Basketball Intramurals.—U.S. Armed Forces.

NEGOLA, LILLIAN

Italian Proficiency Pin; P.S.A.L. Pin for Swimming; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Keegan, Mr. Siegfried; Service in Lunchroom, Class Night; Softball, Volleyball, Newman Clubs.—New York University.

NEVINS, JOYCE

Second Honors; French Meritorious Award; French Proficiency Pin; P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; "Campus" Representative; Service in Lunchroom; Dramatics "Unsuspected Fruit," "I Remember Mama."—Queens College.

NILSON, LENNART

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Hall Patrol; Service in General Office; Sergeant and Table Captain in Lunchroom.—Business.

NUGENT, BERNARD

Second Honors; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Fisch, Mr. Morse, Lunchroom Squad; Captain of Hall Patrol; Softball, Basketball, Handball Intramurals.—U.S. Navy.

"You can take a day off but you can't put it back"

—Kaiser

OBRY, RUTH

First Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Scholarship Award; German Proficiency Pins; Meritorious Service Certificate; First Aid, Home Nursing, Junior and Senior; Bronze, Silver, Gold Swimming Pins; Junior, Senior Arista; Dean's Squad; Lunchroom Squad; Girls' Chorus; Senior Mixed Chorus; Pool Leaders, Lifesaving.—Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School.

O'SULLIVAN, EILEEN

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; First Aid Certificate; Junior Arista; Meritorious Service Award; Sewing Award; Major, Minor "A's"; Varsity "V"; Leader "L"; Aid to Miss Brennan, Mrs. Kean, Miss Reuss, Mrs. Gould; Program Committee; Leaders, Varsity Clubs; Junior, Senior, Advanced Glee Clubs; Newman Club; Variety Show; Folk Dancing.—Business.

PAWELCZYK, STANLEY

Recommendation Card for Art; Aid to Mr. Byrnes, Mr. Troyano; "Clipper" Art Staff Two Years; Science, Newman Clubs; Basketball Intramurals; 1951 Basketball Intramural Champs.—Cooper Union School of Art.

PETERSON, JOAN

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; Secretary, Junior Arista; Association of Teachers of Spanish Award; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Volleyball, Softball, Basketball, Leaders; Minor "A's"; Junior Girls Chorus; Advanced Chorus; Spanish Glee Club; Dramatics.—Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School.

PICCOLO, VIRGINIA

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; Spanish Proficiency Pin; P.S.A.L. Pin; First Aid Certificate; Meritorious Service Awards; Lunchroom, Library, Speech Office Service; Volleyball, Softball, Creative Writing, Newman Clubs; Dramatics.—Queens College.

POLO, CHARLES

Bronze P.S.A.L. Pin; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. Rennert; Hall Patrol; Dean's Squad; Lunchroom; Newman Club; Softball, Basketball, Handball Intramurals; Variety Show '53.—College.



O'ROURKE, PATRICIA

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss O'Connor; Table Captain in Lunchroom; Volleyball, Square Dancing, Newman Clubs.—Business.

PASTOR, WALTER

P.S.A.L. Pin; Bronze "A"; Hall Patrol; Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Gorman; Softball, Handball, Basketball Intramurals.—U.S. Navy.

PENTALERI, IRENE

Second Honors; First Aid Certificate; Latin Proficiency Pin; Composing Editor, "Clipper"; Aid to Miss Crowley, Mr. Browne; Table Captain, Lunchroom; President, Newman Club; Dramatics, "She Married Well," "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."—College.

PHILLIPS, JOHN

P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. Steed, Mr. Confoy, Mr. Byrnes; "Clipper" Art Staff; Softball, Basketball Intramurals.—Business.

PLATT, JOSEPH

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Senior Arista; Honors School; Meritorious Service Award; Chemistry, Physics Labs; "Clipper" Staff; Lunchroom, Library Squads; Forum Council; Newman Club; Softball Intramurals.—Notre Dame.

RALL, NORMAN

Second Honors; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Mr. Morse, Mr. Byrne; Hall Patrol; Lunchroom Sergeant; Basketball, Softball, Handball Tournaments; Social Dancing. — U. S. Navy.

"Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings"

—Johnson

RALLES, CHRISTOPHER

Bronze "A"; Major, Minor Letters in Football; Aid to Mr. Scarlata, Mr. Byers, Mr. Shield, Mr. Mascari; Emergency Room; Locker Room; Football Team '49 to '51; Gridiron Club; Basketball Intramurals.—Wake Forest College.



RAMERINI, LOUISE

P.S.A.L. Pin; Home Nursing, First Aid Certificates; Library, Dean's Squads; Lunchroom Sergeant; Class Night '53.—Business.

RAMSEY, LOIS

Four Terms Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A's"; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Certificates; Fashion Show '50 to '52; First Prize '50, '51; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Senior Arista; Aid to Miss Austin, Mrs. Reilly; Lunchroom Squad; Program Committee; Newman, Cheerleaders Clubs; Cheerleaders Chevrons; Class Night '53.—Business.



RANFT, AGNES

Meritorious Service Award; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Mrs. Mecinski, Mr. Richter, Miss Reuss, Miss Feinberg; French, Square Dancing, Newman, Dramatics Clubs.—Air Line Hostess.

REISSMANN, KATHERINE

P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Austin, Miss Riordon; Lunchroom Squad; Volleyball, Softball. —Business.



REKERMAN, ELAINE

Second Honors; First Aid, Home Nursing, Sewing Certificates; Aid to Mr. Patterson; Program Committee; Lunchroom Squad; Volleyball, Basketball, Softball Clubs; Minor "A" for Softball; Junior, Senior Glee Clubs; Fashion Show '49, '50; Swimming Pin.—Business.

RESTIVO, MATTHEW

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A's"; First Aid Certificate; Minor "A" for Track; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Miss Schottland; Lunchroom, Dean's Squads; Softball, Basketball, Handball Intramurals; Cross Country Team; Track '52; Baseball Squad.—Pace College.



RIZZO, GERARD

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First Aid Certificate; P.S.A.L. Pins; Hall Patrol; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Dr. McGill, Miss Curtis, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Sheppard, Mr. Mascari; Softball, Basketball Intramurals; Newman Club.—College.

ROARTY, HELEN

Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Swimming Pins; P.S.A.L. Medals; Major, Minor "A's"; Program Committee; Meritorious Service Certificates; "Campus" Representative; Lunchroom Squad; Aid to Mr. Yourman, Mrs. Mecinski, Mrs. Keegan, Miss Reuss; Newman, Leaders Clubs; Basketball, Volleyball, Softball, Badminton, Swimming Clubs; Sports Class.—U.S. Air Force.



ROCHA, ELBA

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Meritorious Service Certificate; Honors Assemblies; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Certificate of Merit in Spanish; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss Crowley, Miss Curran, Mrs. deKernay, Mr. Browne; Lunchroom Guard; Spanish Glee Club; Dramatics, "The Wedding," "The Taming of the Shrew"; Variety Show '51.—College.

ROESKE, MIRIAM

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss O'Connor, Mrs. Lyons, Mr. Yourman, Mr. Patterson; Table Captain in Lunchroom; Newman, Square and Folk Dancing, Volleyball, Softball Clubs; Variety Show '53.—McConnel Airline School.



ROKER, MARYANN

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Home Arts Award; Commendation Card; Aid to Miss Keller, Miss Feinberg; Lunchroom, Dean's Squads; Fashion Show '49 to '51.—Woods Business School.

"To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge"

—Disraeli

ROMANELLI, JOAN

Minor, Major "A's"; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Second Honors; Varsity "V"; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Senior Arista; Service Aid to Mr. Ahearn, Mrs. Butcher, Miss Crowley, Miss Lomax, Miss Maloney, Miss Gannon, Mr. Sheppard, Miss Novotny; President of Newman Club; Forums; Public Speaking Contests; Dramatics, "Sham," "Taming of the Shrew"; Softball, Basketball, Volleyball, Varsity Clubs; Class Night '53.—Business.

ROSIO, CIRO

Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Service Aid to Mr. Hundt; Lunchroom, Dean's Squads; Band '49 to '52; Italian Club.—Queens College.

RUGGIERO, FRANK

Second Honors; P.S.A.L. Awards, '49, '50, '51; Dean's, Lunchroom Squads; Hall Patrol; Aid to Miss Hughes; Football, Softball, Basketball; Latin, Glee Clubs.—St. John's College, School of Pharmacy.

SANATORE, FRANK

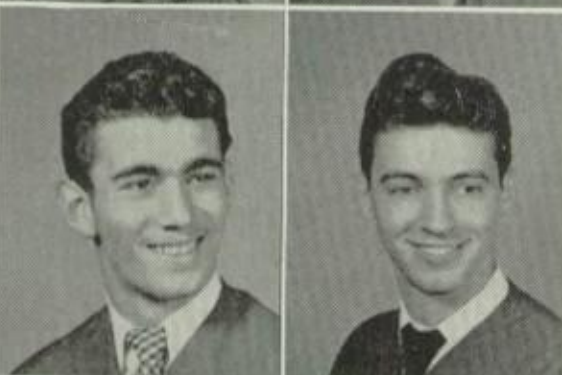
P.S.A.L. Pins '49, '50, '51; Aid to Mrs. Visone, Mrs. Gonzalez; Softball, Basketball Intramurals; Handball; Social Dancing.—College.

SANTOPOLO, ANITA

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "As"; P.S.A.L. Medals; Minor "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; Italian Proficiency Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Meritorious, Exceptional Awards; Aid to Miss Curran, Mr. Kelly, Miss Schottland; Lunchroom Service; Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton, Softball, Chevrons, Leaders, Cheerleaders; Folk Dancing, Advance Chorus; Junior and Senior Mixed, All Girls Glee Club, Glee Club; Fashion, Variety Shows; Class Night '53; Dramatics.—Business.

SCHAEFER, ANN

Second Honors; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Bronze "A"; P.S.A.L. Pins; Library, Lunchroom Squads; Aid to Miss Lomax, Miss Feinberg; Emergency Room; Volleyball, Softball, Social Dancing.—Business.



ROSENWALD, LOIS

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mr. Custans, Miss Corwin, Miss deKernay.—College.

RUBENACKER, MARGARET

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; German Proficiency Pins; Silver P.S.A.L. Pin; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Service Aid to Mr. Devins, Miss Reuss, Mr. Piatti, Mr. Yourman; Library, Lunchroom Squads; Orchestra '49 to '52; German Club; Dramatics, "The Laundry Mark," "The Silent Caroler."—Business.

RUSSO, JAMES

P.S.A.L. Pins; Minor "A"; Dean's Squad, Orchestra, Hall Patrol.—Queens College.

SANTOPETRO, KATHLEEN ANN

Second Honors; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Meritorious Service Certificate; Fashion Show '52; Aid to Mr. Patterson, Miss O'Connor, Miss Austin; Lunchroom Squad; Class Night '53; Folk and Square Dancing; Softball, Volleyball; Dramatics, "The Taming of the Shrew," "Seventeen," "Wedding," "I Remember Mama."—College.

SCETTINI, MARIE

Second Honors; Home Nursing, First Aid Certificates; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Mr. Steed, Mr. Ahearn, Mr. Patterson; Lunchroom Squad; Section Representative; Folk Dancing, Social Dancing; Softball; Fashion Show '50, '51, '52; Class Night '53; Newman Club. — Laboratory Institute of Merchandising.

SCHAEFFER, DORIS

Bronze, Silver P.S.A.L. Pins; Three Minor "A's"; Bronze, Silver Swimming Awards; Meritorious Service Certificate; Home Nursing Certificate; Aid to Mrs. Mecinski, Miss Johnston, Mr. Patterson, Miss Clemens, Mr. Yourman, Mr. Siegfried; Program Committee; "Campus" Representative; Volleyball, Leaders, Softball, Basketball, Pemblec Clubs; Class Night '53.—Business.

"You wouldn't worry about what people think of you if you knew how seldom they do"

—Anon

SCHMIDT, JOYCE

Home Nursing Certificate; Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Proficiency Pins in German; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Mr. Sheldon; Sergeant in Lunchroom; Class Night '53; Secretary, Hearthstone Club; Pemblec, Junior Glee, Volleyball, Softball Clubs.—U.S. Waves.



SCHNECK, LOUIS

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Honors School; Commendation Card; Captain of Late Squad; Aid to Miss deKernay, Mr. Jacobson; Sergeant and Guard in Lunchroom; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; German, Judean Clubs.—Business.

SCHNECK, PEARL

Honors School; Second Honors; Junior, Senior Arista; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Leader; Minor "A"; P.S.A.L. Pin; English, History Forums; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; First Aid Certificate; Aid to Miss deKernay, Miss Riordon, Miss Austin; Sergeant, Lunchroom Squad; Spanish Glee, Judean, Leaders, Volleyball, Softball Clubs.—Business.



SCHOMAKER, MARLENE

Second Honors; Honors School; First Aid Certificate; Home Nursing Certificate; Junior Arista; Bronze, Silver "A's"; German Proficiency Pin; Lunchroom Service; Program Committee; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Miss Hess, Mr. Weissberg, Mrs. Kean, Mr. Schiffres; Volleyball, Leaders, German Clubs; Class Night '53.—Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences.

SEIFRIED, ARLENE

Meritorious Certificate; P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Kean; Lunchroom Squad; Cheerleaders, Social Dancing, Newman Clubs; Class Night '53. — Comptometer School.



SEITER, EMMA

Second Honors; Bronze P.S.A.L. Pin; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mr. Jacobson; Lunchroom Squad; Pemblec, Volleyball, Folk Dancing Clubs; Class Night; Fashion Show '51.—Business.

SERRA, EDWARD

Meritorious Service Award; Commendation Cards for Band Participation; P.S.A.L. Pins; Band '49 to '53; Orchestra '51 to '53; Lunchroom Captain; Aid to Mr. Piatti; Football, Softball, Handball, Basketball; Swing Band.—U.S. Navy Air Force.



SHAULYS, GERALDINE

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Junior, Senior Arista; Spanish Term Award; Spanish, Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; P.S.A.L. Pins; Bronze, Silver, Gold Swimming Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Swimming Leader; Newman, Spanish, Cheerleaders, Glee Club.—Queens College.

SHEA, GERARD

P.S.A.L. Pins '49, '50, '51; Meritorious Service Award; Hall Patrol; Aid to Mrs. Blick, Mr. Confoy, Mr. Byers; G.O. Representative; Basketball, Softball, Handball Intramurals.—U.S. Navy.



SIEFERT, LOIS

Second Honors Swimming Pin; P.S.A.L. Pins; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Miss Reuss, Miss Riordon; Emergency Room; Cafeteria Sergeant; Cheerleaders, Volleyball, Pemblec, Square Dancing, Softball Clubs.—Ward Airline School.

SMITH, EILEEN

Second Honors; Junior, Senior Arista; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; German Proficiency Pins; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Sewing Commendation Card; P.S.A.L. Pins; Honor School; Fashion Show '50, '51; Nutrition Certificate; Forums; Pool Leader; Lunchroom Sergeant; Aid to Miss Reuss, Dr. Loughlin, Mrs. Reilly; Library Squad; Newman, German Clubs; Class Night '53.—Business.



SMITH, ISABEL

Second Honors; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Bronze "A"; P.S.A.L. Pins; Meritorious, Exceptional, Distinguished Service Awards; Lunchroom Squad, Captain of Lunchroom '52; Aid to Mrs. Fahey, Miss Feinberg; Volleyball, Softball, Folk and Social Dancing; Class Night '50, '53; Junior, Senior, Advanced, Mixed Glee Clubs; Chevrons.—Nurses' Training.





1. Wittiest: Frank DeRosa, Maureen Trimmer; 2. Most Genial: Kay Reissmann, James McDonald, Louise Ferrarese; 3. Most Likely to Succeed: Elba Rocha, Robert Gilkison; 4. Class Photographer: Gerald Trafficanda; 5. Class Musician: Barbara Mayer, John Fuchs; 6. Class Artist: Barbara Ford, Clifford Thompson; 7. Class Scholar: Janet Hild, Robert Gilkison; 8. Done Most for Adams: Janet Hild, John Fuchs; 9. Typical Senior: Lois Durandette, Thomas Lee; 10. Class Vocalist: Eileen O'Sullivan, Ray Frazier; 11. Most Bashful: Kathleen Moran, Charles Polo; 12. Class Chatterbox: Lois Durandette, Robert Williams; 13. Most Popular: Rita Waldman, John Fuchs; 14. Most Versatile: Irene Jacobs, Warren Thomas; 15. Most Engaging Smile: Eileen Smith, Clifford Thompson; 16. Most Athletic: Kathleen Moran, Kenneth Mueller; 17. Most Attractive: Ann Byrne, Anthony DeGruccio; 18. Best Personality: Anne Estelle, Harold Brueggeman; 19. Most Dignified: Janet Wilkins, Gustave Nelson; 20. Best Dressed: Ruth Weber, Gerald Trafficanda; 21. Class Actress: Joan Romanelli; 22. Class Dancer: Irene Jacobs, Roy Mackie; 23. Class Character: Frank Cotov, Elizabeth Beickert; 24. Literary Light: Joseph Platt, Constance Bentivegna; 25. Class Orator: Arlene Kane, Robert Gilkison; 26. Quietest: Kathleen Moran, Roy Mackie.

"You must look into people as well as at them"

—Chesterfield

STALLONE, TERESA

Second Honors; Honor School; Junior, Senior Arista; Bronze, Silver "A's"; First Aid Certificate; Italian Proficiency Pins; Meritorious Service Award; Lunchroom Service; Aid to Mrs. Mather, Miss Curran, Mrs. Fahey; Italian Club.—Business.



STALLSWORTH, MATTIE

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver "A's"; Junior Arista; Meritorious Service Award; P.S.A.L. Medals; Lunchroom Squad, Captain, Co-Captain of Table; Aid to Mrs. Gould, Miss Feinberg, Miss Austin; Modern Dancing; Softball, Basketball; Leaders '50 to '52; Chevrons.—College.

STENZ, AUGUST

Second Honors; Three P. S. A. L. Pins; Captain of Hall Patrol; Softball, Basketball, Handball Intramurals; Softball Champs, January '52.—U.S. Navy.



STROH, VIRGINIA

Second Honors, Italian Proficiency Pin; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Degen; Captain of Lunchroom Squad.—Business.

STRUNK, ROBERT

Library Squad, Lunchroom Service, Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Hundt.—Business.



SUSSMAN, SELDA

P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Riordon, Mrs. Gould, Miss Austin, Lunchroom Squad; Cheerleaders, Volleyball, Judean Clubs; Class Night '53.—Beauty Culture School.

SZYMCZAK, WILLIAM

Second Honors in Scholarship, Bronze "A"; Meritorious Service Certificate; Aid to Language Office; Hall, Lunchroom Squads; Glee Club and Newman Clubs.—Business.



SZYMCZAK, ROBERT

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Spanish Proficiency Pins; Aid to Mrs. deKernay, Mrs. Schottland, Language Office; Newman, Spanish Glee Clubs.—New York University.

TEGER, SABINA

Second Honors, Bronze "A"; Home Nursing and First Aid Certificates; Meritorious Service Certificate; P.S.A.L. Pins; Fashion Shows '49, '50, '51, '52; Honorable Mention; Aid to Miss Riordon, Mrs. Fahey, Mrs. Reilly; Lunchroom and Library Squads; Mrs. Dirk, Mrs. Crowley, Miss Woods, Mrs. Knight; Judean, Softball, Social Dancing Clubs; Class Night '53; Dramatics, "Sister Sue."—Fashion Model.



THOMAS, WARREN

Second Honors; Latin Proficiency Pin; Meritorious Service Award; Commendation Card; Softball Intramurals; G.O. Representative; Aid to Mr. Sheppard, Mr. Scarlata, Mr. Ahearn, Mr. Shield, Mr. Rennert; Forum Council; Swimming Team, Major "A" for Swimming; Newman Club; Class Night.—St. Bonaventures University.

THOMPSON, CLIFFORD

Second Honors; Aid to Mr. Steed; Basketball, Softball Intramurals; P.S.A.L. Medals.—College.



TINGIRIDES, CHRIS

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First Aid Certificate; Service in the Dean's Squad; Aid to Mr. Sheppard; Table Captain; German Club; Class Night.—Queens College.

"No one knows what he can do until he tries"

—Syrus

TOMEIO, CAMILLE

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; G.O. Representative; Italian Proficiency Pins; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Miss Riordon, Mrs. Mather, Mr. Burns; Lunchroom Service; Newman Club.—Business.



TRAFFICANDA, GERALD

Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Miss Laws, Miss Munn, Miss Breitenbach, Mr. Shield, Mr. Troyano, Mr. Blazej, "Campus" Staff; G.O. President '52; Photography.—U.C.L.A.

TRANCHINA, MARGARET

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Service Aid to Mr. Jacobson, Mr. Ray; Lunchroom Squad; Table Captain; Volleyball.—Business.



TRAUGOT, IRWIN

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Lunchroom Service; Basketball, Softball Intramurals.—City College.

TRIMMER, MAUREEN

Service, Nutrition, Home Nursing Certificates; P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin; Service Aid to Miss Armstrong, Miss Silliman, Miss Keller, Mr. Mulligan, Miss Jewell, Miss Sileo; Eighth Term Section Representative; Glee Club, Basketball Club; Class Night '52.—Business.



TRIVELLI, MARY LOU

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Spanish Proficiency Pin; Member of Honors School; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; Junior, Senior Arista; English, History Forums; Home Nursing, First Aid Certificates; Aid to Mr. Gross, Miss Crowley, Miss O'Connor, Mr. Schiffres; Glee Club, Spanish Glee Club, Leaders, Volleyball, Spanish Clubs.—Berkeley.

VALENTI, ANNE

Second Honors; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Italian Proficiency Pin; Service Aid to Mr. Steed, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Mathers; Lunchroom Table Captain, Sergeant; Volleyball, Softball, Badminton, Folk Dancing Clubs; Class Night '53.—Institute of Applied Arts and Science.



VALENTINE, JOSEPHINE

Bronze "A"; Four Minor "A's"; Three P.S.A.L. Pins; First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Squad; Basketball, Softball; Fashion Show '49, '51.—Business.

VOLK, BARBARA

Second Honors; Meritorious Service Award; Fashion Show '49, '50; P.S.A.L. Silver Medal; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Miss Jewell, Mr. Yourman, Miss Finn, Mr. Mould, Mr. E. J. Clarke, Service Aid; "Clipper"; Table Captain; Variety Show '52; Associate Composing Editor "Clipper"; Volleyball, Basketball.—Business.



VOLLMER, ROBERT

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Meritorious Service Certificate; Late Squad with Mr. Jacobson; Aid to Miss Lomax, Mr. MacDonald; Lunchroom; "Clipper" Staff; Softball, Basketball, Handball Intramurals.—Business.

WALDMAN, RITA

First, Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Honor School; Junior, Senior Arista; Aid to Dr. McGill, Miss Riordon, Mr. Custance, "Campus"; G.O. Representative; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Awards; First Aid and Home Nursing Certificates; Class Night '52; Senior Class Secretary; Folk Dancing.—Business.



WALTER, ROBERT

Bronze "A"; Three Meritorious Service Awards; Aid to Mr. Munafo, Mr. Mahedy, Mr. Steed, Miss Berner, Miss Austin; Lieutenant in Lunchroom; Senior Glee Club, Advanced Chorus.—Business.

"There is no cosmetic for beauty like happiness"

—Blessington

WARD, BETTY ANN

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Silver, Minor "A's"; First Aid Certificate; Exceptional Meritorious Service Awards; Junior, Senior Arista; Aid to Mr. Sheppard, Miss Laws, Miss Reuss, Mrs. Kean; Lunchroom Service; Volleyball, Pemblec, Badminton, Life Saving, Pool-Leaders, Social Dancing Clubs; Dramatics; Bronze, Silver, Gold P.S.A.L. Swimming Pins.—Business.



WEBER, RUTH

Second Honors; Honors School; Junior Arista; Bronze, Silver "A's"; First Aid Certificate; German Proficiency Pins; P.S.A.L. Pin; Aid to Mr. Mulligan, Mr. Jacobson, Miss O'Connor; Meritorious Service Award; Lunchroom Squad; Cheerleaders Club.—Business.

WHEATLEY, JOAN

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Junior Arista; P.S.A.L. Pin; Meritorious Service Certificate; Aid to Miss Riordan; Junior, Senior, Mixed Chorus.—Business.



WESTOVER, JOYCE

Bronze "A"; Meritorious, Exceptional Certificates; First Aid Certificate; Commendation Card; P.S.A.L. Pin; G.O. Rep.; Lunchroom Squad; Class Nights; Fashion Show, '50; Aid to Miss Breitenbach, Miss Berner, Miss Wershals, Miss Keller, Dean's Squad; Mr. Kelley; Advanced, Junior, Senior Girls' Chorus; Newman Club.—Business.

WILKIN, JANET

Meritorious Service Award; Aid to Miss Killelea, Mrs. Mulligan, "Clipper" Staff, Lunchroom Squad; Badminton, Biology, Folk and Square Dancing; Pool Leaders; Cheerleaders. — New Paltz State Teachers College.



WILLIAMS, MARILYN

First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Fashion Show '49, '50; Honorable Mention; Lunchroom Squad; Newman, Volleyball, Softball, Social Dancing Clubs; Variety Show '53.—Business.

WILLIAMS, ROBERT

Second Honors; Bronze, Silver, Gold "A's"; Meritorious, Exceptional Service Certificates; Aid to Mr. Hundt, Mr. Piatti, Miss Leary; Lieutenant Lunchroom; Special Commendation Card; Band '49, '50, '51, '52; Class Night '53; Football Team '52; Key of Courtesy '50, '52; Field Band '49, '50; Major Letter Football '52.—Georgia Tech.



WINTERS, ROBERT

First Aid Certificate; Lunchroom Captain; Miss Keller, Hall Patrol; Key of Courtesy '50, '51, '52; Softball, Handball Intramurals '50, '51.—Agricultural College.

WOOD, MARILYN

Second Honors, Bronze, Silver "A's"; Junior Arista; Commendation Cards; Bronze, Silver P.S.A.L. Swimming Medals; Meritorious, Exception Service Awards; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Reilly, Miss O'Connor; Program Committee; Lunchroom Squad; Softball, Volleyball Clubs.—Business.



WOODS, PATRICK

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; Junior Arista; Meritorious Service Certificate; Six Terms of Late Squad Service with Mr. Jacobson.—C.C.N.Y.

YOUNG, BETTY

Second Honors; First Aid, Home Nursing Certificates; Aid to Mrs. Stein, Mr. Schiffres, Miss Riordon; Table Captain, Sergeant; Softball, Volleyball, Basketball, and Class Night '53 Clubs.—Business.



YOUNG, ROBERT

Library Squad, Lunchroom Service, Aid to Mr. Confoy, Mr. Hundt.—Business.



ZANG, JEANETTE

Second Honors; Bronze "A"; First Aid, Nutrition Certificates; Minor "A"; Meritorious and Exceptional Certificate, Chevrons; Aid to Miss



Novotny, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Mecinski, Miss Degen; Softball, Volleyball, Badminton, and Newman Club.—Adelphi College.



Class Song

*The days have passed, the hours have fled
Till we, assembled here,
Look backward o'er the years gone by
And know that parting's near.
The time has come to say farewell
To end our senior year.
But ere we shed our caps and gowns
And leave thee, Blue and White,
Our voices shall we raise in thanks
To those who gave us light,
We praise thee, Adams, for thy works
Thy wisdom do we cite.*

Chorus

*As echoes of the past are fading,
Strange voices are our thoughts invading
The future beckons, hand extended
We leave thee, Adams, our stay has ended.*

Janet Hild



Franklin Delano Roosevelt

JOSEPH GELLER

Second Prize Winner—Great Americans Public Speaking Contest

THE PRESIDENT is dead.

The vast multitude is silent, and only rustling leaves are heard. The flag-draped coffin is lifted from the caisson, and put on a carrier, and wheeled into the White House. With the entire world paying homage, the simple services are held.

The President is dead.

These words wrenched at hearts everywhere, for on April 12, 1945, a great American—hated by many, loved by more, but respected by everyone—Franklin Delano Roosevelt, died.

His friends and family are gathered around the coffin, and many a memory is awakened. They, as well as all America, remember the radiant and selfless political career of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They remember how brilliantly he served in the State Senate of New York, and they remember how he molded and built our Navy and its morale to the high we know today. This while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

And they remember the sadness of his life, how he was stricken with infantile paralysis, brought within a hair's breadth of death, to live, but with both his legs paralyzed. And they remember that despite the pain, the suffering, the misery wrought by his disease, Roosevelt never once, never once, let that spark which sustained him, his courage, flicker out. And they remember that he might have remained an invalid, crowned in self pity and retired. But they proudly remember that he by-passed his obstacle of physical impairment and went on to become a great Governor of New York and an even greater President of the United States.

And they remember his immortal words, "The only thing we have to fear

is fear itself."

But there was more than this to Franklin D. Roosevelt; for although on one hand he balanced the weighty problems of the world, with the other he was a human being. Many people, given a new chance in life, remember that Roosevelt unselfishly gave almost all his money to build Warm Springs, Georgia, to give new life and rejuvenation to the victims of the dreaded polio. And more than that, they remember his cheerful words, his words of encouragement, which gave new hope and new faith.

And the American people remember Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "I felt that he knew me and I felt that he liked me." Through his magnetic personality, and his magical fireside chats, even those who had never met him regarded him as a neighbor and a friend.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was first an American, but, too, he was a citizen of the world, and the world mourns its loss, "We shall miss him, all of us who are free men."

And then, his tired body is given to the warm brown earth of this land he loved so well.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a rock, strong and determined, and a leader, and able; and his life was not always easy; but, the discouragements and failures, the disappointments and setbacks, and the weariness and hard work, all these could not dim his life-long dream of the Four Freedoms for all the people of the world.

Freedom from want.

Freedom from fear.

Freedom of speech.

Freedom of religion.

Yes, F. D. R. is dead, but in the hearts of millions, he, and his dream, live on.

Exchange Column

MONICA SCIMECA

HI, FELLOW Adamsites! In this issue, the exchange column is going to review two magazines that I am sure will be of interest to everyone.

The first one is the "Erasmian," from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. We received the book in a new edition 6" by 9". It is a little different from our magazine, but all the more easier to carry around. The cover was done in pink and green, which gives the magazine a friendly effect. The stories were very good and I have to agree with the judges that "Aunt May" by David Rothstein, which won the Richard Young Short Story Contest, is one of the most humorous stories I have read.

It describes a typical Sunday afternoon. Mother is lying on the couch watching television, Dad is reading the paper, and David is on the floor reading a book. Suddenly the door bell rings and in sails Aunt May, smelling of "Burning In Purgatory." The author uses a good technique when he describes Aunt May. "She was wearing a black suit that was rather tight for her expanding figure. Her extremely blonde hair looked as if it had just been given a fresh coat of gilt. Mother had always said that they were writing

a play about Aunt May's hair to be called, 'Black Are the Roots.' Her face was smooth except for the area around the eyes where the skin was wrinkled like an over-ripe peach."

The conversation continued until Aunt May decided she wanted to see the house, which she found out was recently decorated. "Mother obediently got up and led Auntie through all the newly decorated rooms. There were several incidents which threatened impending disaster. "Ah, do love your bedspreads even if they're falling apart. Goodness, how'd the furniture get so scratched up? What a cute, old-fashioned bathroom."

As the story comes to its conclusion, with the end of Aunt May's visit, David goes to get her mink coat. She says: "Do you like mah new coat, Deah? It's such a nice length."

Mother couldn't resist just one little dig.

"Won't it get dirty, sweeping along the ground like that?"

Auntie, however, was up to her usual par.

"Well, in case it does, deah, ah'll throw it out and get a new one!"

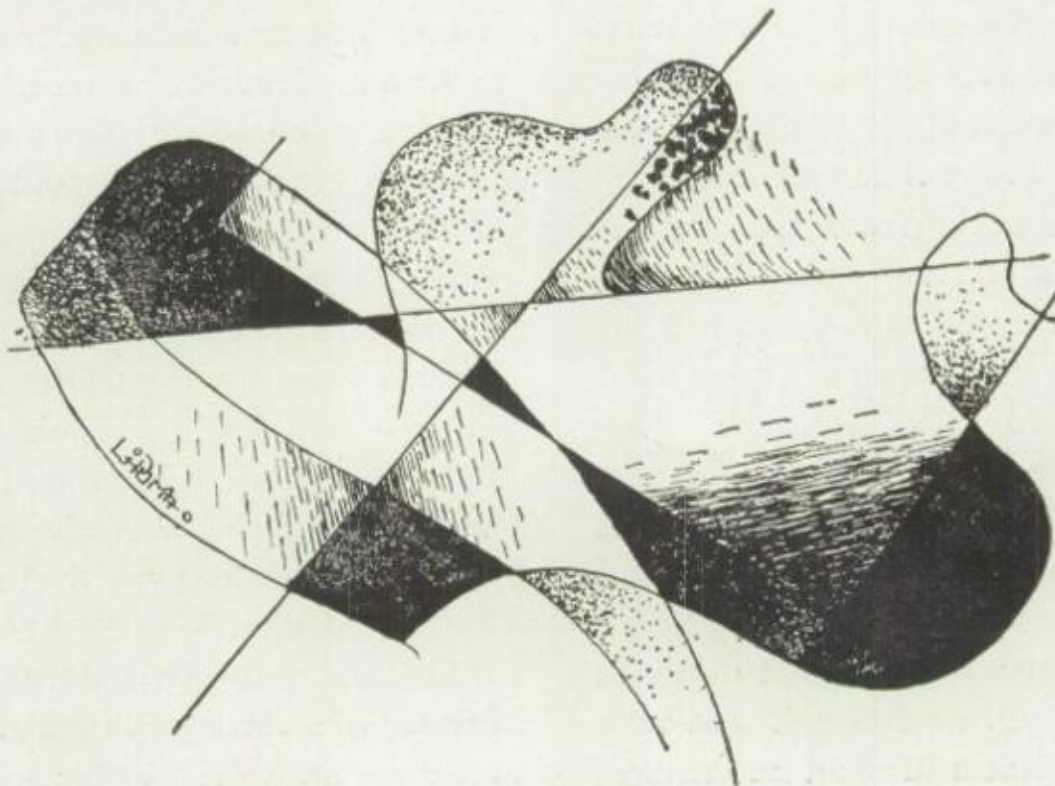
The author ends the story by having Aunt May going out the door, leaving the smell of "Burning In Purgatory" behind her and Mother reaching for the bottle of aspirin.

The last book is the "Soundings" from Bayside High School in Bayside, Long Island. We received the spring issue in blue and yellow. The story I will review in this book is a serious, involved story of a young girl who works in a jewelry store and has dreams of becoming wealthy and being extremely happy. On this particular

day, Tony finds out that one of the richest women in town has consented to have her \$50,000 pearl necklace put on display. Tony found herself wanting the pearls as she picked them up to put them in the showcase. Later on, a man came in the store and decided he wanted to see the owner about buying the pearls. Tony decided to substitute them for some other string of pearls. She put them in her pocket and waited for closing time. She was a few minutes away from the store when she started to worry about the police and about the fact that maybe she wouldn't be able to sell the necklace. All of a sudden, Tony started to run and stopped only when she came upon the tunnel which burrowed under the railroad tracks. Without giving herself time to be frightened she ran in and instantly caught her heel in one of the iron gratings and fell to the wet ground. "Dazed, she picked herself up and proceeded more cautiously." When she got out of the tunnel she thought someone was following her and she

started to run again. "The night sounds closed in around her and she was so terrified that she was wildly running aimlessly until she found herself back at the mouth of the tunnel. Her mind was in a turmoil and she decided to take the necklace back, knowing that nothing was worth what she was going through. A small object fell to the ground and rolled into the gutter. Tony picked it up and examined a perfect pearl. Then she realized that the string had broken when she had fallen. Her hand went slowly into her pocket and brought out the broken string and the few remaining pearls. She glanced at the grating in the tunnel and realized that everything was lost. At the end of the story Tony "sits down on the curb in a gesture of despair, too stricken to cry."

I hope you have enjoyed the stories reviewed. Maybe they have given you an idea for a story of your own. If they haven't, they will at least bring you closer to the writing of other high school students.



Meet Rise Stevens

JOAN ROMANELLI

AT THIS writing everyone is in a state of great anxiety, waiting for the 1952-'53 season of the Metropolitan Opera to open. One of the reasons for this eagerness is the return of last year's huge success, "Carmen." "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Samson and Delilah" will return after a year's absence. The Metropolitan opera star who made these operas famous, and who seems to be the one whom the composers had in mind to portray their heroines, is Rise Stevens.

Because of her numerous commitments, I had my interview in her dressing room after her October 13th "Voice of Firestone" appearance. As soon as I had wrung the last bit of applause from my hands, I dashed out of the studio and around to the stage entrance. After the policeman there located her husband, Walter Surovy, my claim of an interview was confirmed and I was led upstairs. Stopping at the door, I took a deep breath and sighed, "Well, I made it." Although Miss Stevens was in a hurry, she very graciously consented to the interview. She is one of the most cordial persons I have ever encountered.

For a person who had just done as tremendous a job as she did, and who was no doubt hot and tired because of

the lights and rehearsals, she was as wonderfully genial and affable to those who were meeting her for the first time as she was to her good friends. After everyone left, the moment I had been waiting for came and my questioning began.

During her childhood in the Bronx, she loved music and enjoyed singing. Later she was very active in the Newtown High School glee club. While in dramatics, she starred in a play entitled, "L'Aiglon" or "The Eagle." Two teachers helped coach her in this play. A Miss Carll, who is unknown to us, and a Miss Gannon, whom we all know from our dramatics department here in John Adams.

At the age of seventeen, Miss Stevens decided singing was to be her career. After years of hard, tedious work and extensive study at Juilliard, to which she had won a scholarship, and her numerous successes abroad in Salzburg, Vienna, Paris, Prague and South America, she debuted at the Met. The Met is, and has always been, the highest achievement a singer can gain. She sang her first role as the Gypsy girl in "Mignon" and as a result became an immediate success.

Rise's favorite operatic role, as you've guessed, is "Carmen," but she always enjoys very much doing "Der Rosenkavalier," "Samson and Delilah," and "Mignon." Her favorite language to sing in is German, which she also speaks very fluently. However, she also enjoys singing in French and Italian. Because of her deep-toned qualities, I asked her if she was always a mezzo-soprano. She told me that she used to be a contralto.

She has many varied interests, which consist of swimming, tennis, and taking long walks. The most fascinating of her

hobbies, however, is the collecting of music stamps which consist of national anthems of countries, instruments, and pictures of composers. Rise showed how receptive she is to new ideas when she told me she loved "Carmen Jones." "Carmen Jones" is a modern-day version of "Carmen." It followed the same characterization of Bizet's masterpiece and they used the same music. The only difference was that it took place in New York, the torreador became a prize fighter and instead of gypsy dancing they did the jitterbug. On the subject of operas in English, she says that if good translators who will keep the composer's thoughts, can be found, then she says that operas in English would be a good step forward.

The reason for her being an excellent singer and interpreter is that she does a great deal of work in connection with learning a new score. First of all, she does all sorts of research on the person she is portraying. Then she discusses it with her accompanist and teacher to determine if she is suited for the part. She then approaches it vocally, following with a dramatic approach. All these things combine to



bring the beautiful finished product—a success.

All singers at one time in their career, commit what they consider their greatest error. Rise considers that her greatest faux pas was committed when on a concert tour she addressed an audience in Boise, Idaho, saying, "I am so happy to be here in Dayton, Ohio." If you are familiar with country towns, you understand how proud the people are of the town and its name. The audience was horrified and immediately corrected her.

My last question was a delicate one to answer. It was, "What is your secret for your great self-confidence?" In all modesty she replied that she was delighted that it appeared that way to the audience because in her stomach are always the ever-present butterflies. She then said that perhaps the reason for a majority of it was that she was "very well learned." Hers is a poise born of sincerity and knowledge. Because of these outstanding characteristics, Rise Stevens will always have an honored place among the "Greats" of the opera and she shall continue her life on a never ending road of success.

A Friend In Need.....

JANE GROB

CENTERVILLE HIGH was a small high school in a small town. The number of pupils in the school was not very large as was the number of people in the town. Everyone knew everyone else and it was not very often that anyone had a private life. That was why Lorraine Benson attracted so much attention in the school. She had just moved to Centerville from a big city. That was all anyone knew about her. What did she do when she went home from school? Who were her family? Why had she come to Centerville?

Lorraine lived in the old Carter place known as Centerhouse. It was a big brick house which old Mr. Carter had left to his nephew. The nephew, Charles Carter, was rarely seen in the town. It was said that he ran a business in the city and that he used his Centerville place as a country house. But why was Lorraine Benson living there? This was a big question in the minds of Kathy Smith and Maureen Robbins. Kathy and Maureen were classmates of Lorraine. They had found her a likeable girl, well-dressed, with a nice personality. Whenever the girls

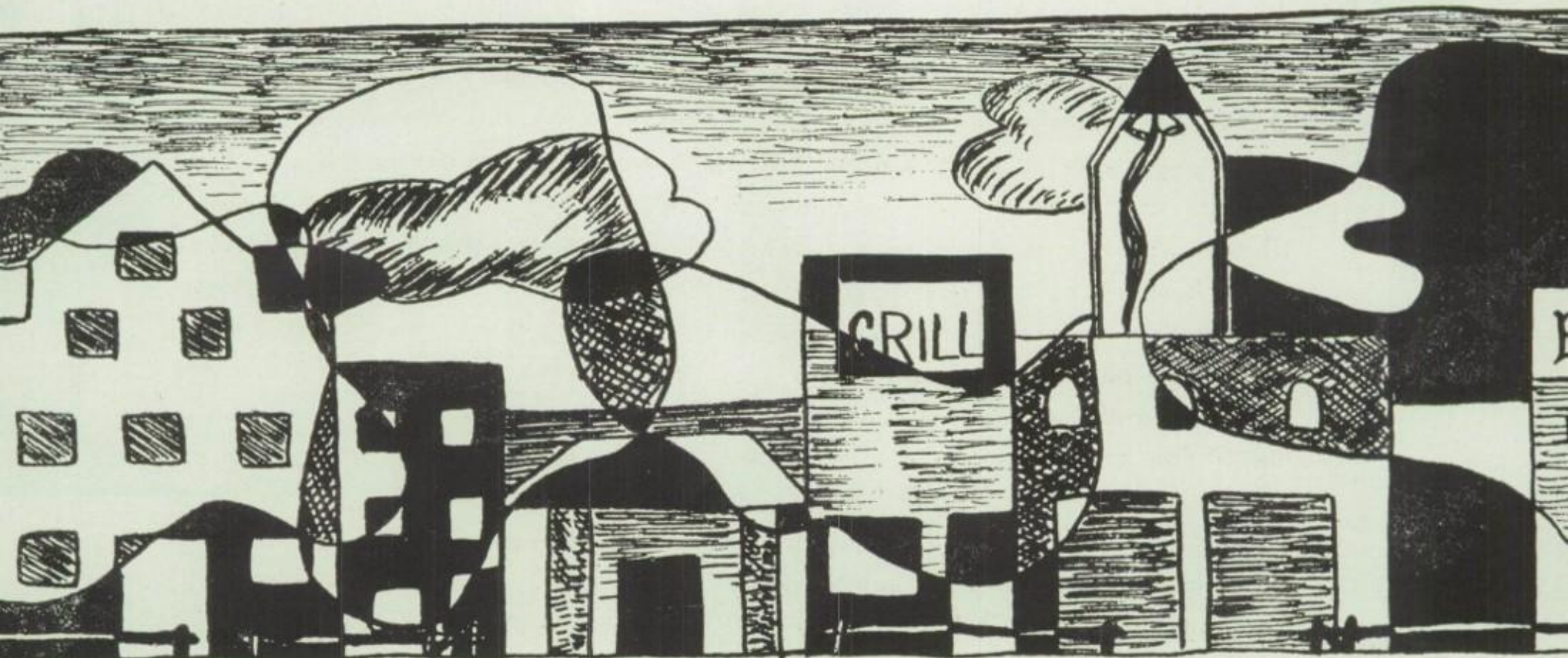
asked Lorraine to go for a soda in the corner drugstore or to come to a party some night, she refused. Kathy often wondered why this girl declined their offers. It certainly wasn't because of her clothes. Lorraine was nicely dressed. Could it have been money? No, she didn't think so. She would have to have a talk with Maureen and maybe together they could find the reason. Finally, the two girls decided upon a plan. This coming Saturday they would ask Lorraine to go on a hike in the woods. Maybe she'd accept and they could get to know her better. And then again, maybe she'd decline their offer and she'd have to give them a good reason for not going.

It was Friday afternoon, the day before Kathy and Maureen were going to call for Lorraine. Miss Vincent, their history teacher, brought up the subject of the beginning of Centerville. She was asking everyone if they knew anything of the town's history. Everyone knew what she was going to ask Lorraine. When Miss Vincent came to Lorraine she asked her to tell about the beginning of Centerhouse. Lorraine looked at her with a blank stare and replied very frankly that she knew nothing about the house she was living in. She often wondered why she was living there at all.

Maureen and Kathy thought Saturday would never come. But it did. It was brisk with a light, cool wind. A fine day for a hike. Kathy had met Maureen and they started up the path to the front door of the Carter place.

The knocker on the door was a huge thing with a lion's head on it. Kathy rapped loudly and the door was opened by the maid. She was a pleasant looking, middle-aged woman. She greeted the girls and asked them what she could do for them. Kathy told her they were looking for Lorraine Benson because they were going to ask her to go on a hike. The maid started to answer when they saw Lorraine coming down the stairs. She had on an old apron and her hair was tied back with a scarf. She tried to force a smile and then said, "I heard you say you wanted me to go on a hike. I'm sorry but I've got to help my mother with the housework." Kathy was very surprised, for she realized that Lorraine's mother was the maid. Lorraine continued, saying that her mother took care of the house for Charles Carter while he was away,

making sure that it was kept clean and neat. She told them that was why she never had time for anything after school. The house was really a big job for only two of them and she had to spend some time making her clothes on the sewing machine that was in the Carter's sewing room. That was all Kathy and Maureen needed to hear before they decided to lend Lorraine and her mother a helping hand. They were finished before long and the three girls started out for a day filled with fun and excitement. Kathy and Maureen knew that this wasn't the last of their friendship with Lorraine. From now on they'd make sure that she got to know the people of Centerville and that the people of Centerville got to know her. There was really nothing mysterious about Lorraine Benson. She was just a swell girl.



The Camera Club Presents:

SECTION 8E1

Mrs. Martin, Section Officer



SECTION 8E3

Mr. Siegfried, Section Officer

SECTION 01

Mr. Bequet, Section Officer



SECTION 8E8

Mrs. Gould, Section Officer

THROUGH THE generous assistance of Mr. Joseph McNicholas and Miss Elizabeth Simendinger, esteemed members of the Adam's Biology Department, six students are being given the opportunity to develop their scientific leanings to a greater extent. Projects being carried out at present include work on such topics as: hematology, mycology, hereditary characteristics, and chromatography. These terms will be explained in this article. To insure as smooth an operation as possible, an outline is submitted beforehand, by all participating pupils, containing proposed methods, materials, and observations, which is scrutinized carefully by students and faculty alike at meetings held every Friday, the ninth period. However, these meetings are restricted to those already engaged in work. Here, problems are thrashed out as soon as they come up, through exchanges of ideas among those present.

One Adamsite is concentrating her efforts on the study of "neurospora," a pink mold found on cake or bread. Her work will be to grow other molds and study various characteristics of its life. The study of such fungi as this is known as mycology.

Another student has grown oat plants and is studying the effect of some substances on their growth.

By breeding pure lines of fish, a third budding scientist is observing the actions of chemical on new offspring. This is tedious work since generations come few and far between.

Hematology is the study of blood. It is so vast that work on it is being undertaken by three pupils. An interesting part is the RH factor, a protein substance found in 85% of all Caucasians. Leukemia, a type of blood cancer is another aspect of this field.

To widen our knowledge of blood,

Budding Scientists

ROSALIND BECKER

VALERIE SOLIMENE

ELIZABETH STEIFELD

Mr. McNicholas arranged a visit to St. John's University for us that took place on October 13. The three hours spent with Doctor John Baiardi, an assistant professor, proved to be extremely informative. He demonstrated and explained some of the techniques involved in taking blood counts and in making bone marrow smears. Mice were used in various experiments on the study of anemia and in preserving vital tissues and organs. We are deeply indebted to Professor Baiardi for the interest and time he so unselfishly gave up to us.

For two of these six students, their first goal has been realized; that is, to enter the School Science Fair held on December 6. However, the entire group is now planning entrance into the Paul B. Mann Biology Congress, held every year. Here, students of New York high schools, have a chance to talk about and demonstrate their science projects.

The aim of the students engaged in this project work here in our school, is not to win prizes, but it is interesting to see what we can accomplish. We only want to bring honor to Adams and above all, to exchange information with others.

Who Steals My Purse....

MARY CONNOLLY

WALKING AWAY from the station platform, I hardly felt the weight of my suitcase as I began to admire the scenery about me. A narrow dirt road stretched almost parallel to the tracks until it began to wind up the side of a snow-covered hill between the black skeletons of trees. To me, it seemed so refreshing to see the peaceful countryside and inhale the invigorating frosty air compared to the city tenements from which I had come. Upon reaching the taxi stand, I was informed that all were taken by the travelers that had just arrived. As I turned away, a cab stopped and the thin, haggard-faced occupant offered me a ride to the town located near the hilltop. I accepted, thanking him kindly and soon the car began to climb the steep, twisting grade to Elton. After a few moments I discovered that this stranger and I had a mutual purpose for our trip, for we were both writers. This man, Robert Slade, informing me that he had been unsuccessful in the past, stated that this would be his final attempt. Even his unfortunate tale of failure could not quiet the excitement I experienced as we came near the hotel overlooking the valley. The room I was led to by a stout, elderly woman with keen, grey eyes, a while later, was lacking coziness.

After becoming acquainted with my surroundings in the days following, I soon began my work. My inspiration seemed unbounded unlike that of my nervous friend who had not progressed at all. Attempts to aid him were taken unkindly although we had become constant companions. The days seemed to pass like hours in this secluded town as I labored frantically. Finally, I completed my story on the stormy evening that Bob had decided

to return to the city and accept his failure. Seeming sincerely happy about the finishing of my work, he said he wished to hear it. As the storm and wind blew to its greatest velocity outside the window, he read my story. After studying it without interruption, except to light a cigarette occasionally, for about an hour, he finally glanced up with a strange gleam in his dark eyes. He dismissed the discussion with more words of criticism than approval, which severely disappointed me.

Early the following morning, controlling my hurt pride, we trudged down the hill to the station together. When I looked for the last time at Elton, as the train began to roll, I could see the prints of the track we had made in the layer of freshly fallen snow. During the trip to the city, Bob convinced me that I should delay sending my story to the publisher and rewrite parts of it. He had a sinister grimace on his face each time he glanced out at blurred scenes as the train moved swiftly toward our destination.

During the following weeks, I again worked hard and faithfully until the story was completed to my own satisfaction. I had never seen Bob Slade since my return and I was not anxious to see him.

One evening as I was watching television in my two room apartment, with some friends, I suddenly saw on the screen the words, "Hills of Paradise," written by Robert Slade. It was the title of my story. For the next hour, I sat in a trance watching the actors bringing to life my characters one by one. Standing up, having a sudden empty feeling, I walked over to the window and stared out at the blazing lights of the tenements.

Release From Bondage

HE TRIED to think logically, but it was useless. Nothing seemed to make sense anymore. He thought to himself, "this couldn't be happening to me. I am a well-known doctor with an increasing practice and a wonderful wife, the best a man could have. I've got everything to live for."

Yet now as he walked along the path in the park, that was a short cut to his home, he began to notice things, unimportant things, things he might be seeing for the last time—the squirrels hurrying across the grass, the birds in the trees, the smell of fresh air. He stopped for a moment and looked at the few remaining flowers of fall, the chrysanthemums and asters. Again he thought, "Why did this happen to me? I've never done anyone wrong. I've never led a sinful life."

Suddenly he felt waves of confusion sweep over him. He sat down on a bench. The beads of perspiration shone clearly on his forehead and his hands were cold and clammy. "I've got to calm myself," he muttered. "Why, there are millions of people with heart ailments. If you give up your practice and take it easy from now on, you'll live at least another three years. Maybe more. Yes, that's what the specialist told me. My own friend and colleague. Did he realize what those words meant? No, how could he? It's easy for him to tell someone else. He wanted me to forget twenty years of my life. Twenty years of study, internship, scrimping and saving as a beginning doctor in the slums to bring myself up to my present position. He wanted me to give up everything when I'm at the height of my career, when I'm close to finding a new serum to combat cancer. Why, losing my research work

is even more important to me than losing my practice."

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of the falling rain on the dry pavement. He lit a cigarette, took a deep inhale, picked up his hat and continued on his way. As he slowly inhaled the smoke, he could feel a sharp tightening pain around his heart. He stopped short, and holding his breath, clutched his chest tightly. "Not yet, please, not yet!"

Slowly the pain subsided and he realized that in those few minutes it could have been all over. Everything could have ended. The reality of what had just happened, of how close to death he had come, stunned him into realizing that his practice was now a small thing unless he was there to see it flourish. His research work would be meaningless unless he were alive to see it develop and be used to help millions of suffering people. As though he had bathed in a pool of water, his greed for fame and recognition was suddenly washed away. It did not matter to him anymore that he would never be an eminent doctor in the medical world. He just wanted to be alive to see others carry on where he had left off. Even though he would never have an active part in helping the sick, he knew he would always be there mentally. Suddenly he gained new life and his heart seemed light.

As he approached his house, it was with anticipation and not with dread as he thought it would be.

Upon entering, he heard his wife say from the kitchen, "Is that you, dear? I'll bet you had a hard day at the office. What you need is rest." Smiling he answered, "Your diagnosis is correct, doctor."

Shattered Dream

BARBARA LAUDMAN

ELLEN STARED at the gown which hung on the door of the closet. The yards upon yards of tulle that composed this creation made it seem as if it would float away with just a little wind. She could see herself, gliding on the floor of the ballroom in her gown, her escort looking at her with approving eyes.

Here it was, a week before the Senior Prom, and she was to go with the handsomest boy in the class. Her pride was at its peak. "Nothing can go wrong," she thought. Her thoughts were interrupted by the ring of the doorbell; and as she walked towards the door of her room, she couldn't help giving the dress one more glance of admiration. She opened the door and a smile came across her face.

"Hi, come on in," she said, holding the door wide open for her visitor.

"Hello, Ellen." The voice was that of Gene, the boy who was to take her to the prom.

He followed her into the living room and sat down in the chair nearest the door. Ellen looked puzzled as she watched him. Gene was always a

carefree boy who was ready and willing to do anything for a laugh. But as he sat there, he seemed like a different person.

"Well, what's up?" Ellen said with a gesture of her hand.

"Ellen, I don't know how to tell you. Remember the house that we were promised in California? Well, we got a telegram today, and my father has decided that we'll go out there by the end of the week. And . . ."

Ellen knew what he was trying to say and she didn't mean him to see the tears which now clouded her eyes.

"Ellen, are you listening?"

"Yes, Gene," she said, trying to avoid his eyes, "I'm listening."

"I won't be able to take you to the prom and I'm really sorry." As Gene said these words, he stood and slowly walked to the door. With one hand on the knob, he turned to see Ellen staring at him. "I . . ." Not knowing what else to say, Gene opened the door and left, leaving Ellen lost in her broken dreams.

After a few minutes of numbness, Ellen stood up and ran to her room. She wanted to tear her dress to shreds. The tears ran down her face and she bit her lip to keep from crying out loud. "What can I do now?" Ellen thought. She looked at the closet door which before had held her vision of happiness. She wondered why the once beautiful gown now seemed only an ordinary dress.

With a sudden burst of anger she tore the dress from the hanger and threw it on the floor. Uncontrollable tears streamed down her face as she walked past the crumpled heap of material. She hated the world!

One Lump Or Two....

*There lived a girl in England
Whose face was fair to see.
But no matter her face
She was a disgrace
For (horrors!) she didn't like tea!*

*She was a social outcast,
She lived in infamy.
She liked ale and wine
And soda pop fine
But (horrors!) she didn't like tea!*

*And when the people saw her,
They'd whisper, "There is she.
She's got bad taste.
She's a social disgrace
For (horrors!) she doesn't like tea!"*

*At last she took her sad life
By jumping into the sea,
For her friends all snubbed her
And nobody loved her
For (horrors!) she didn't like tea!*

*To heaven rose her spirit
But the angels said unhesitatingly,
"Why, 'twould be a sin
If we let her in
For (horrors!) she doesn't like tea!"*

*Chorus:
She liked danish pastry, and muffins and crumpets
And saxophones, sousaphones, clarinets, trumpets
And animals all, from gorilla to flea
But (horror of horrors!) she didn't like tea!*

TRINA PERLSON

EILEEN NEEDLE



I Like Ike

LILLIAN GRANNAS

"I DO solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States and bear true allegiance to the National Government; that I will maintain and defend the sovereignty of the United States paramount to any and all allegiance, sovereignty or fealty I may owe to any state, county, or country whatsoever, and that I will at all times obey the legal orders of my superior officers and the rules and articles governing the Armies of the United States."

With these words began the career of a great general, a great American, and our incumbent president. Dwight David Eisenhower, or Ike, as he is often called, has succeeded in winning the highest honor that our country can bestow on any man, the presidency. Ike deserves that honor, for he has served our country as only a man of his ability could serve it. He is a staunch believer in democracy. He once said, "I'd never compromise the principles for which my country stands."

Even though Ike was a military man, he has never allowed himself to drift into the militaristic manner of thinking but has always retained a point of view that resembles that of the civilian. Thus, he is able to sense the needs and emotions of the people as

well as any other man. If he had not retained this point of view, he would not have been able to get the citizens of France to work with him, enabling him to unite the nations of Europe to fight against the Axis powers during World War II. Nor would he have been able to get their co-operation when he was commander of NATO. However, Ike did not fail and once again he has accomplished a difficult feat, one that will prove very important in world history.

Ike was brought up in a pacifist atmosphere since his mother hated war. However, don't think that his pacifist ideals ruined his foresightedness, nor that they made him blind to what was going on in the world. Ike once said, "But far above my hatred of war is my determination to smash every enemy of my country, especially Hitler and the Japs." His wish came true, for he so ably helped to defeat the Axis powers, once more proving his capability to deal with crucial matters to the peoples of the world. Ike had many ideas about war, some which I thought were particularly excellent because of their thought content are as follows; "I doubt whether these people, with their academic and dogmatic hatred of war, detest it as much as I do. They probably have not seen bodies rotting on the ground and smelled the stench of decaying human flesh. They have not visited a field hospital crowded with the desperately wounded. War," Ike said, "next to loss of freedom, is the ulti-

mate calamity that can befall a nation. It is worse than flood or earthquake or plague because those are natural evils and limited. Furthermore, they bring out the good side of a man, his instinct to help his neighbor. But there is no limit to the evil wrought by war. The terror and the horror are boundless and appalling because they are visited by man upon mankind, and the blind cruelty of nature is far less vicious than the intellectually directed cruelty of man. War is so horrible that imagination cannot grasp it in all its fearful aspects."

Ike was well liked by diplomats and soldiers alike. They liked him for his straight-forwardness, genuine liking for people, and for his boundless enthusiasm. One of the many things that probably endeared him to the hearts of the soldiers was the fact that Ike could not tolerate a "Yes" man. If he ever worked with one, he was very likely to make the "Yes" man seem more than comical with all his "Yesses." That is another thing that is in Ike's favor, the fact that he can recognize and not be taken in by "Yes" men.

Eisenhower, whose last name means "Iron ax" or "Iron hitter," has proved that, "However translated, there is iron in the name and iron in the men of that name." Ike gained advancement on pure merit and by hardwork, but Fate helped Ike too, because of a series of small and, at the time, unimportant incidents. She guided young,

impressionable Eisenhower onto a road leading to fame and distinction.

Ike is a great soldier, a great American, and a great fellow human being who is destined to do great things. Now he has stepped into the role of president and we know that he will continue to do his best, bringing glory to himself and glory to America. However, he will not want glory for himself, but will want glory only for a better America. Let us hope that there will be many more men of the caliber that is as high as his, to continue in his footsteps, making more footsteps similar to those of Eisenhower's that must inevitably fade away. But no matter how time passes, there will still be an outline, no matter how faint it may grow, of Ike's footsteps to guide on the new "Iron Hitters."

The quotations in this article were taken from "General Ike" written by Alden Hatch.



Gleanings

KWANG TYNNG was quiet now, as the misty dawn revealed her by its light. Away marched U.N. soldiers, but the real fighters stayed behind with her—the dead ones. Have you ever tried to picture what goes on in a G.I.'s mind after a victory? Al was trying to do just that.

He was so disgusted with this war that he tried to think, "What are they thinking? What's this guy marching next to me thinking? Is he thinking about home, his girl, his mother, his job? Or maybe he's thinking when the next fight will be." During the first month I was here, I expected guys to call me Al Taylor. Now I answer if they just say "Hey." The only thing I think about is when do we rest and when do we fight. I'm filthy, tired, and out of ammo. I'd like to say "hungry," but how can you be, when you've just shot a couple of men to pieces? Even if they are Commies, they still bleed. I'm so sick of this war I could cry. They don't laugh when they see you break up and cry. They just walk over and say, "Take it slow, we'll win yet." I've got over a hundred guys around me now, and yet, I'm alone. Each man is alone in his own feelings. There are only three words to describe how we feel—tired and afraid. Yes, I said afraid. You get that way even when you're on the ships coming over here. But after you fight some, it's a different kind of fear. It's a dull fear. You aren't conscious of it but you know it's there. It'll come to

you in the middle of the night or when you are drinking your coffee. You are afraid you're gonna die. And yet what do you think you're doing over here in the first place, playing a game? You see death all around you so it's no great shock. There are only two things I can think of now—When do I sleep and when do I DIE?

SHIELA COLLINS

THE PAIN was unbearable. I felt hot, my mouth was dry. My eyes couldn't focus clearly on anything. My head swarmed with a million thoughts, all jumbled and creased by pain. How had this happened? I tried to go back and piece things together. There was a door. Yes, that was how I had gotten in. It was a Saturday night and as was my habit, I had gone through the neighborhood, down along the back alleys and empty lots. I came upon it all of a sudden, the Kenner house, a nice big house with the back door left open. I wondered whether it was worth taking the chance. One false step and it would be all over for me. I had raced across the yard swiftly. My decision was made. I would take a chance on that open door. It had all seemed peaceful and quiet enough as I squeezed through. It had all seemed so simple and yet that explosive bang was the next thing I heard. It was just like a bolt of lightning. There I was, stretched out on the floor, blood trickling from my mouth. I felt all broken up. My legs were shattered and that awful sound was still ringing in my ears.

Mrs. Kenner came down stairs a little

faster than usual. They had overslept a bit and Mr. Kenner would be needing his coffee right away if he were to get to the office. Almost immediately, as she stepped into the kitchen, she noticed me — my small, pathetic, crushed, gray form stained red in spots. Her husband, on hearing her scream, rushed down and quickly removed me, for the sight of a mouse has a funny effect on people, especially one that's caught in a trap.

ARTHUR SHOSTAK

HE STARED at the crowded beach, knowing that they could not hear him. He tried to swim again but he knew that that was impossible also. What little progress he could make would be rendered futile by the powerful undertow that was determined to hold him there. He was tired now, for he had been treading water for so long. For a while he floated, not really worrying about the situation. How strange, he thought, "I should be panicky." Perhaps he was aware that panic was his worst enemy, and courage his only ally.

He wondered about the girl who was on the crowded beach. Maybe she would realize that he had been gone too long. Suddenly the realization that

he was alone out in the ocean fell upon him. There wasn't much time, he knew that. The crowd was further away now than it had been before. He started to tread water and call for help again, but no one heard him. He hadn't really expected them to. Often he had heard that when death is very close to a person, their life passes before them in minute detail. This wasn't happening to him. He could think only of the future.

Quickly, new energy came to him. He kicked his feet and waved his arms frantically. "I'm getting panicky," he thought but he knew that his panic was uncontrollable. He stared at the crowd, knowing that he would in all probability, never get back to them. He was too tired to fight any longer. As he turned over on his back, he thought he saw a girl staring out into the water. He looked again but she was running along the beach.

As he lay there floating, he thought, "Maybe it was Barbara, running to get help. Perhaps she wondered about my long absence. Maybe it was just a figment of my imagination."

He stared up at the clouds, and thought, "How peacefully they pass by." Then he wondered just what his future held for him.

WILLIAM PEARCE



Science Review

VALERIE SOLIMENE

WELCOME BACK, everyone. I hope you enjoyed the article in the midterm Clipper. Many breath-taking advances have been made in the fields of the sciences. There are so many that we would never stop writing if we were to bring them to you. So I'll try my best to bring to light those which I believe are most interesting.

A new artificial fiber has been introduced. It is a soft cloth made from chicken feathers.

Perhaps one of the most sadly misunderstood diseases is leprosy, a disease which almost everyone associates with the words "unclean and filthy." People seem to have a loathing for the word itself. Many consider it, and erroneously so, contagious or infectious, but it is neither. In the fifty years or so that the United States National Leprosarium at Carville has been in existence, not one doctor, nurse, or technician has contracted leprosy. Hospitals, public or private, will not accept sufferers from "Hansen's disease" as it is called. They must be sent to Carville. While there, they receive treatments of Promin and other sulfa drugs and antibiotics. Promin has proved useful in clearing up many cases. At one time, a person needed twelve test smears, which were taken once a month. These smears must turn out negatively; that is, no bacilli should be present. Nowadays, six



smears must turn out negative before the person is allowed to return to his family. I would like to recommend, right now, the book "Miracle at Carville." It is the autobiography of a young woman who suffered from leprosy and shows her struggle with herself, trying to accept her fate. For those romantically inclined, there is an inspiring romance between Betty and another patient at Carville.

In England, many strange superstitions still prevail. Two of them are: in parts of rural England, fried mice are used as a cure for whooping cough; in Southampton, England, only a few centuries ago, persons with goiter paid the hangman for touching their throats with the hand of a dead person because it was said to cure this ailment.

Here are two cheery bits of poetry I hope will amuse you.
Attention girls!!!

*The diamonds in your eyes, no doubt
Are offshoots of a Brussels sprout;
The titian of your hair, of course,
Comes from eating applesauce;
Your rose red cheeks, I must deduce,
Are pure distilled tomato juice;
Your lovely skin, as soft as silk,
Is condensed from Grade A milk,
But your disposition, acid, fickle,
Must have come from eating pickle.*

*Courtesy of
Journal-American*

Darwin certainly didn't say this.

*Said an ape as he swung by his tail,
To his children both male and female,
"From among you, my dears,
In the course of the years,
May evolve a professor at Yale."*

In this issue of the Clipper, I'd like to suggest a few good books on scientific subjects which should interest some of you.

"Leaves From a Surgeon's Casebook," by James Harpole, is an exciting record of the medical profession's many miracles in modern surgery.

"Biography of the Unborn," by Margaret Shea Bilbert, is the story of all of us and will enlighten anyone who is interested in viewing himself as he was on the long road to birth.

The original stool pigeon was a bird tied to a stool to attract passenger pigeons into nets.

Newly hatched quails are scarcely an inch long.

There is an onion that has no odor at all. It is a cross between an onion and a lily bulb.

Everyone considers poison ivy a harmful plant, but there was a time when it was only a beautiful plant without any poison. There is an old legend concerning the origin of the poison ivy plant. At one time it was just another member of an ivy species. It grew next to a narcissus on the bank of a stream. One day the stream began to dry up. Greedily, the ivy plant squeezed the narcissus' roots, killing it in order to get the water which the narcissus would use for itself. When Venus, the Goddess of Love, heard of it, she made the ivy plant poisonous to touch, thus causing all people to despise it.

In writing this article, I believe it only right to mention the great honor bestowed upon Doctor Selman Waksman of Rutgers University, who received the Nobel Award in Medicine for his discovery of streptomycin, a mold found in the soil. Streptomycin is working wonders on influenza, typhoid and tuberculosis. Dr. Waksman has given all rights to streptomycin to the United States Government and ten percent of all his royalties to Rutgers University to further antibiotic research.

Two other Americans also received Nobel Awards, but theirs were for Physics. They are Dr. Bloch of Stanford and Dr. Purcell of Harvard. They worked on the atom.

Dr. Maurice Black, of the Brooklyn Cancer Institute and New York Medical School, has devised a test for cancer. By staining blood samples with brilliant cresyl blue, it is possible to tell 86% accurately by color changes whether a person has cancer.

QUESTION BOX —

The Question for this issue is: Who is the famous physician who said: "We must learn to shoot microbes with magic bullets."?



Ship's Library

MARILYN BOND

SELMA GERMAN

SOME OF the books which are in popular demand in our school library and which we think you would be interested in reading are: "Green Seas And White Ice," "Out Of This World," "The Martian Chronicles," "Strong Wings," and "The Innocents From Indiana."

"Green Seas And White Ice" is a stirring novel written by Miriam Mac-Millan. After many years of seeing her husband set out on expeditions to the North she promised herself that one day she would go with him. Her promise was soon a reality and she became the first white woman ever to brave the dangers of such an expedition. In this book she recounts her various experiences among which were her encounters with the Eskimos, the sighting of white whales, and the filming of walrus and seal hunts. She also writes about the courtesy of the Greenlanders and the importance of the dog teams in the Arctic. This book rates high as an adventure story for it is written by one who has experienced these incidents.

"Out of This World" by Lowell Thomas, Jr., is an exciting story of the dangerous journey he and his father made from India over the Himalayas and into the forbidden land of Tibet. The Thomases were the seventh and eighth American citizens ever to be allowed this privilege. At the end of the journey they stayed in the Holy City of Lhasa, capital of the Central Asian Buddhist world. Here they had an audience with the Dalai Lama, the boy-king of Tibet. In this book you will read about the holy men who hold the real power in the forbidden land and know why they prefer to live the simple life of their ancestors rather than in the present. Fascinating photographs illustrate their trip and clearly show how the people live and what the country is like. The Thomases relate their trip to mysterious Tibet exactly as it occurred, making it an interesting reading experience.

Nowadays science fiction books are in demand by many people. We thought you would be interested in knowing a particularly good one, "The Martian Chronicles" by Ray Bradbury. Mr. Bradbury has written of the experiences of the men and women who were among the early arrivals on the red planet Mars. The Martians refused to believe the preposterous story of a rocketship captain who claimed that he came from a place called Earth. What happens to him and the other characters in the book is something that will interest everyone. "The Martian Chronicles" is

a different kind of science fiction story written by a top writer designed to entertain those who enjoy such books.

"Strong Wings" by Mabel Louise Robinson is a story of three young people marooned in a Maine village who are faced with the hardships of country life. After being accustomed to the luxuries of city life they find it very difficult to adjust themselves to the rugged life of the country. Struggling against fire and storm, these young people learn the importance of human beings to each other. They learn to love both the sea and the land for their beauty and ample supply of food. This is a brilliant novel describing the countryside with the vivid color typical of the Maine Crash.

"The Innocents From Indiana" written by Emily Kimbrough is a heart-warming auto-biography based on the adventures of the Kimbrough family after they moved from Muncie, Indiana, to Chicago to live. In a way "The Innocents From Indiana" is a story of every family. It tells of their joys and their sorrows, the small adventures of the children and the many hardships of the parents. Emily Kimbrough explains the adjustments that must be

made by country-folk so that they may progress in the ways of the city. She tells of the ease with which her brother found new friends compared to the difficulty she had.

Two incidents that illustrate the warmth and humor of this book are when the new Waverly Electric (a car) ran away with a tearful Emily seated horrified behind the wheel and when she met Douglas Fairbanks doing hand stands on the beach. These are only a few of the scenes in the book that proved excellent reading. Other books written by Miss Kimbrough are "How Dear To My Heart" and "It Gives Me Great Pleasure."

The above five books are but a few of the many that are available in our library. We also recommend the following books:

1. Last Voyage—Davison
2. Roy Campanella—Dick Young
3. My Neck of the Woods—Louise Rich
4. For a Brave Tomorrow—Jean Dupont Miller
5. Glory Road—Bruce Cotton
6. Red Treasure—Martin
7. The Peron Era—Alexander
8. Deep in My Heart—Elliott Arnold



The Wealth of Truth

BARBARA HERMAN

PATSY QUICKLY looked over the summary of the history unit on which she was soon to have a test. History was one of her weaker subjects, and these unit tests really sent shivers up her spine. Her last moments of study were broken by the sound of Miss Cullen's voice. With an air of authority, the middle-aged teacher told her pupils to prepare for the test. Patsy slipped the summary into her desk. Then, grasping her pen tightly, she wrote the heading on the paper which lay before her on the desk. Miss Cullen began writing the questions on the board.

At first Patsy didn't have too much trouble as she had studied some. But when she reached the tenth question, the answer to which was a date, a puzzled expression came over her face. Then a vague plan began to form in her mind. She gave her classmates a glance. They were all diligently working, and Miss Cullen, after inspecting her students' work, was busy at her desk. Now was the time; no one could possibly notice one little peek. Would that be cheating, even though you thought you knew the answer but just wanted to make sure? Yes, Patsy, who was never anything but honest, was thinking of doing something dishonest.

She gripped the lid of the desk and started to look down. Her mind was in such a state that she couldn't think even if she wanted to. She looked around the room very quickly. All of a sudden she sneezed, and the desk lid dropped with a loud noise. Patsy could still hear the noise ringing in her ears as some of the students turned around in their seats to look at her. She was trembling so that she couldn't hold her pen straight. She thought only of one thing now, Miss Cullen knew her scheme! "What a fool I am!" she thought. "These next moments will be the most embarrassing in my life."

However, to her amazement Miss Cullen said, "It's all right, Patsy. You may open your desk for a handkerchief if you need one."

"Thank you, Miss Cullen," said Patsy. Yes, it was a close call and Patsy was glad of what had happened. She went back to her work and put down the answer to the tenth question, which she knew now was the correct one.

As she was leaving the class later, a very pleasant voice stopped her. It was the voice of Miss Cullen who said, "Patsy, don't ever be afraid to open your desk for anything that you need. Pupils like you I trust thoroughly." Then after giving her a little pat, she walked away.



The Camera Club Presents

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SECTION 8E52

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The Third Eye

MARILYN BOND

IT ALL started about three months ago. Dr. Milner had been listening to his favorite news broadcast on television when a certain item aroused his interest. The announcer reported that flying saucers had been seen over the N. Y. metropolitan area. He went on to say that, although most people discharge these thoughts as figments of the imagination and although he was by no means contradicting them, just what would happen if these saucers were a means of transportation constructed by the inhabitants of another planet? The commentator then brought up the point that, if they were, they would most probably be from Mars, since that planet is the nearest to earth. He went on to show a picture of what a typical Martian is imagined to look like. The most outstanding characteristic was an immensely evil looking third eye which was directly above the nose in the center of the forehead. The announcer then informed his audience that this eye was visible only when subjected to ultra violet rays. When he had finished with his commentaries, Dr. Milner turned the television off. Smiling within himself, he commented to his wife, "What will they think of next? Men from Mars with three eyes! Why that's preposterous." He



never even gave the matter a second thought.

Then one morning, as he was checking the blood pressure of his last patient for the day, his nurse informed him that a man, woman, and child had just entered the office and were waiting in the anteroom. He finished with the patient and had the nurse usher them into his office. The man was the first to enter, and his unusual height was the first thing that Dr. Milner noticed. He was wearing a long overcoat with an immense collar and a hat that slanted over his face. Between the hat and the collar, his face was almost entirely hidden. He was followed by a woman of equal height, who was carrying a child. She, too, was dressed so that her face could not be easily seen. "Would you place the child on the table?" Doctor Milner asked her.

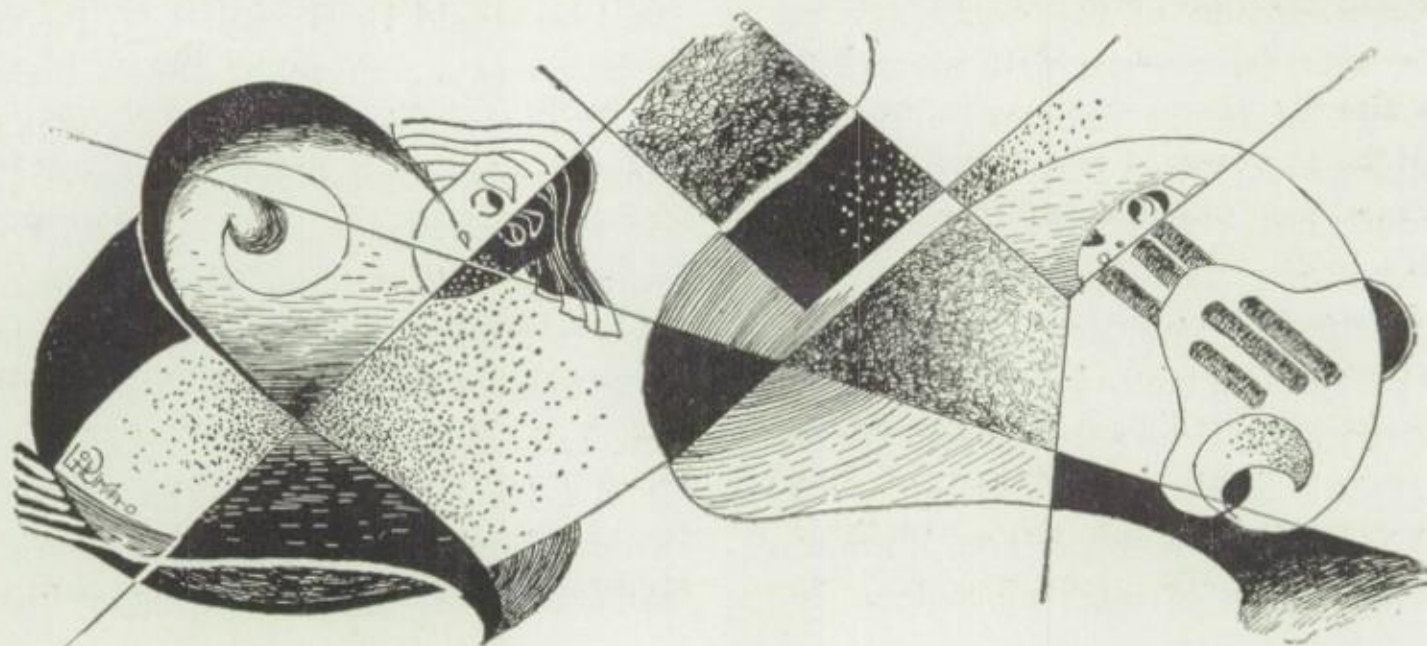
She walked over to the table that he had indicated and sat the child upon it. As she started to undress him, Dr. Milner noticed that the child had an enlarged head almost devoid of hair and weird deep set eyes. He dismissed these thoughts at once, for being a doctor he had seen many of the injustices endowed upon individuals by nature.

"Now what's the trouble?" He directed his question to the man whose answer was short and brisk and was given in a tone that sent chills up the doctor's spine. "My son's body is covered with infections." Dr. Milner turned his attention to the boy and examined him carefully. Just as the man had said, the boy's body was horribly disfigured. After studying the boy's infliction, the doctor became alarmed and disturbed, for he could determine neither the name nor the cause of the disease that he had. I might say here that in the medical world Dr. Milner had a rather high standing and was familiar with almost every disease known to the present era. He told them that he thought he knew a cure for the disease and that he would have to obtain a serum necessary for its cure. He asked them to come back the following day when he would have the serum ready. They quietly, almost reluctantly, left the office. Dr. Milner went home.

That night he sat for many hours thinking, trying to come upon an answer to the mystery that puzzled him. Then, finally, it came to him. The next morning would prove whether he was right or not. He went to bed but didn't sleep well, nor would you have, if you

knew what he knew. He looked forward to the next day with a feeling of anxiety mixed with fear. Soon it was morning and, as usual, Dr. Milner arose and went to his office.

For the first time in his career he drove to his office with a sense of dread. He wasn't surprised to see the three of them, already waiting for him. He ushered them into the office and placed the boy upon the table. After pretending a few preliminaries, he went to a closet and took out a small lamp. The man and woman stood like two immovable stone walls on both sides of the boy, watching his every move. He raised the lamp so that it was level with the child's face. Summoning every bit of courage he had, he snapped on the invisible ray. Horror ran through him, for there, just as he had suspected, was the third eye. He had been right. The disease was not an earth disease. It was Martian. He tried to keep his expression from revealing his discovery and tried in vain to utter some words to conceal his fear. He was aware that at first the Martians didn't know that this lamp was an ultra-violet ray, but his expression made it quite obvious. Then the Martian spoke two words that spelled the doctor's death. "You know."



Without Warning

AUDREY MITTMAN

"YOU RECEIVED a letter from the State Department today, John. Open it quickly and see what it says." Upon reading the contents, Mrs. Mirrman's eyes filled with tears.

"Mom, don't get so emotional. It's only a call for my physical examination."

"Oh, John, I can't bear to have you go. Since your father died you've been my only companion. And now if you go, why I'd have no one."

The next day, she discussed the matter with a friend who told her she knew of a doctor that would be able to make her son "4F." Upon hearing this, Mrs. Mirrman walked hurriedly to the telephone and made an appointment with Dr. Fields for later that afternoon.

Upon arrival at the doctor's office, Mrs. Mirrman explained everything concerning John's notice to report for his physical. When Mrs. Mirrman concluded her conversation, Dr. Fields commented, "I understand your problem and how you feel, Mrs. Mirrman. I'll be glad to help you. There's only one matter to be considered. I'll be brief. This is a serious and dangerous task you want me to perform. If the authorities learn of this, my license will



be revoked with a possible jail sentence for me. My fee will be \$1500."

"I understand, Dr. Fields. My son's companionship exceeds all monetary value."

"But don't forget, Mrs. Mirrman, this is completely off the record. Come to see me with your son twenty-four hours before his physical." "Thank you, doctor." And with that, Mrs. Mirrman walked briskly out of his house. When she arrived home, she eagerly told John of her plans. How wonderful it seemed to both of them!

The day before his physical, John and Mrs. Mirrman were at the doctor's office. In a short time, the doctor administered the serum, told John to rest a few hours and advised him not to worry.

The next day, John reported to Whitehall Street for his physical, confident that he would be classified 4F. Feeling a bit nervous though, he slowly moved in line towards the doctor checking heart, pulse, and blood pressure. The doctor in charge announced, "All boys who think they have heart ailments, step to the left, the others to the right." John moved to the line at the left. The line moved slowly, and finally it was John's turn for examination. After a brief examination, the doctor in charge remarked in an authoritative tone,

"You'd better go home as fast as you can and call a doctor immediately. You can't fool us. That medicine given you can prove fatal. Now get out of here."

John went home and told his mother of the doctor's instructions. Feeling weak and with his face becoming pale, John went to bed. Frantically, Mrs. Mirrman called Doctor Fields.

"You must come at once, doctor," she said, "John is very pale and has a high temperature. What shall I do? Please come as quickly—"

"I'm very sorry, lady," she heard a stern voice interject, "I've never heard of such a case. You must have the wrong number." Dazedly she heard the phone click—the phone was dead.

Mrs. Mirrman stared into space, trying to figure things out. She thought of how her son was suffering and called the family physician. Hurriedly the doctor rushed to the scene and examined John.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mirrman, but I don't know how to treat John. I don't know the toxin given him. It is something very strong that is slowing down the heart beat, but I don't know the prescription. Perhaps if I knew the name of the toxin given, I could give him the antidote."

That one word, toxin, glued itself to Mrs. Mirrman's mind. "Why can't I get the name of it from Doctor Fields? Then

my son will be able to get better." She hurried to the phone and once again called Dr. Fields. After a short conversation, Mrs. Mirrman's face showed signs of strain and worry. Dr. Fields' words still lingered in her memory. "I'm sorry, lady, but you're mistaking me for another doctor," and once again hung up.

Mrs. Mirrman walked toward the living room and unconsciously fell into the club chair from exhaustion. Her eyes were wet with tears and her heart full of bitterness. When she awoke, it was the next morning. She ran to John's room and stopped short at the threshold. There lay John, quiet and motionless. Walking slowly towards his bedside, she realized he was in a coma. Hysterically she called her family doctor. When he arrived, he examined John, after which he covered his body over with the blanket on the bed.

In a state of hysteria, she told the doctor what was done to her son. The proper authorities were notified and upon approaching Dr. Fields, he replied, "Why, I don't know who you're talking about. I've never seen Mrs. Mirrman and have no written account of any visit."

Mrs. Mirrman mournfully wailed, "You've taken my son from me, you've taken him away and now I have no one."



Terror of the Seas

DONALD VISCO

WE SET sail on March 14, 1851, with a crew of forty-eight men. On that day a voyage began that was never to be forgotten by anyone on board. The wind was blowing gently from the east. Before our departure, the captain told us that he had received word from President Tyler to beware of pirates that were ransacking our ships day in and day out. Our destination was England, where we were delivering shipments of gold and clothing. The first few days the weather was changeable, making the great ocean sometimes as gentle as a lamb and other times a vicious monster, surrounding and trapping our ship, "The Silver Queen."

On the twenty-seventh day of March, the first-mate gave us strict orders to be on the look-out for any sign of a ship flying the black flag with S J D written in gold letters that stood for Silent John Dampier. Throughout the day and part of the night nothing happened. Then at about 11 P.M., the thing we dreaded came! Amidst the sound of the waves hitting the stern of the boat, we heard strange noises. It was impossible to see anything because of the dense fog that was hanging over the ocean. Suddenly a storm of men jumped on our boat, seemingly from

nowhere. We tried in vain to protect ourselves. Our first-mate was run through with a sword by one of the pirates. In a matter of minutes we were prisoners on our own boat.

Finally we saw who we were being held prisoner by. It was none other than Silent John Dampier. He was short and stout and everytime he opened his mouth to growl something, one could see his jagged teeth which were symbolic of pirates. We all knew he wanted the gold, but none of us would tell where it was. We knew that whether we told or kept quiet we wouldn't live. Silent John turned towards our captain and asked in a loud, harsh voice, "Where is the gold? Tell us and we'll let you go." Our captain looked straight at him and replied, "We will never tell, you're just a bunch of sickening cowards," and finishing, he spit into the pirate's face. This infuriated John Dampier and he ordered the captain to be put on the rock disjointed. The disjointment failed to urge from his tortured lips the secret of where the gold was hidden. Silent John, finding that torture was useless, had the captain run through with a lance. Several men were treated in like manner, but none of us

uttered a single word about the hiding place.

They tore the ship apart looking for the gold. Silent John took the rest of the men and lined them up against the ship's railing. The waves, rising over the side, splashed against our backs knocking us down. We were dragged to our feet by the pirates. We couldn't last long and we knew it, but as the fog drifted away, Silent John Dampier got the surprise of his life for, not more than 50 yards away was another boat flying the American flag. Before the pirates knew what had happened, the Americans were on our boat, fighting them. It was all over in a matter of seconds as John Dampier was killed by his own knife during his struggle with an American officer. The remaining men were taken prisoners.

After we had told our story to the captain of the American boat, he asked in a curious way, "Where is the gold hidden?" I replied, "It's under the water." "I thought you said that the gold was saved." I answered, "The gold is safe, it's tied to the side of the boat in an iron box, which is under the water. In this way if the boat sinks, another American boat can come and retrieve the gold." The crew laughed joyfully. And as we sailed on, the sky was blue again and the water peaceful.



She Walks Alone

SHEILA COLLINS

CELESTINE TRIED to make her way through the throngs of well wishers outside her dressing room. Above the greetings and turbulent praise of friends and fellow showmen, she could hear the thunderous applause and bravos from the audience.

Contracts and exotic bouquets were thrown at her feet. Business offers and invitations to parties made her head swim with the joy that she was America's new sweetheart. All her life she had been trained for this moment and the success that would follow. She could only reply in a breathless voice, "Thank you. Thank you very much."

Everyone around her had smiling, happy faces, but no one's could compare with hers. The world was hers, and she deserved it. Excited friends tried to get her to the semi-quiet of her dressing room, but the gay crowd wouldn't let her go. She was a part of all of them, she was their beautiful young princess.

Over and over in her mind ran the thought, "Wait till Ronny comes home. Oh, how proud he'll be of me. All my happiness is his. They'll love him the way they love me. Oh, Lord, If I only had my Ronny beside me, he could share in all this happiness that only comes at the end of one's dreams."

Suddenly, the doors opened before her and she was led away from her friends and reporters. Her dressing room was a mass of flowers. They fell in cascades over the couches, tables and chairs. She could hardly walk, for her feet touched a bed of crimson roses. Such colors and beauty seemed out of place for December. It was like being in the middle of August. Some flowers were arranged in beautiful designs of dogs and cats and stars, but most fell about the room like it was the haven of a fairy princess. Oh! How she wished Ronny were here to see things as she saw them. He was the crowning glory to her success. Suddenly it came to her mind, "He'll be home in one month. How the time will linger until we're together again."

Her happy glance fell to her dressing table. Upon it lay a telegram. "Why," she thought to herself, "Anna said she'd put all congratulation telegrams in the next room. Well, I'll open it. It must be from someone very important."

As she was about to open the telegram, she noticed "Department of War" on the top of the envelope. No, she didn't have to open it. She knew what it was. A dazed face turned to look at the flowers. Through blurred eyes she could see that they were all brown and dead. She heard no noise about her, only the quietness of her own mind. She picked up her black coat and threw it over her shoulders. She went out the back door in a daze. No one saw the dark figure walk slowly down the street into the black, moonless, misty night. And no one heard a sound escape from her tight lips.

While the fans waited patiently for Celestine, the gay young star, Celestine, the heartbroken woman, waited patiently for the tide to come in.

COMPLIMENTS OF ...

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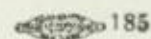
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